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AMERICAN troops have not been conspicuous in the fighting of the past week, and the reason probably is that the smaller bodies which were cooperating with the British and French armies are being withdrawn and consolidated with larger American units. The net fighting experience of the American army up to date is pretty well summarized by Miss Elizabeth Sergeant in another page of this issue. American soldiers do better when they are brigaded with other American soldiers and are commanded by American officers. General Pershing is, consequently, organizing the first great American army which will just as far as possible conduct its own operations under the command of its own officers. It will be a long time before this army will be completely organized, equipped and munitioned, but in the meanwhile it will not be quiescent. Some time within the next six weeks this American army is likely to prepare for its work of next summer by starting an offensive on its own hook. By that time the French and British striking power will be waning and it will be up to the American army to carry on the work. If the American army does attack on its own hook the sector selected for the American offensive is very likely to be situated somewhere east of Rheims.

IT took one hundred and thirty-three days to try one hundred and ten I. W. W.'s in Chicago. It took a jury of their peers sixty-five minutes to convict them of obstructing the American government in its conduct of the war. These facts give the best indication of the meaning of this extraordinary incident in the history of American law. Although the I. W. W.'s have had not only one but a good many days in court, their counsel was unable to convince the jury of their right to carry on a class conflict during war at the expense of American national success. The verdict embodies the feeling of an overwhelming majority of the American people, and is another proof of the enormous efficacy of the means which a democratic community, alarmed for the integrity of its national life, can employ in order to vindicate that integrity. Let revolutionary agitators take notice. The temper of public opinion has undergone a radical change since America's entrance into the war. It will not brook opposition to the government which arises from enmity to the constituted social order in this country, and which advocates the use of violence in order to overthrow that order. The pugnacity of this feeling at the present time is the result in part of laxity in the past and in part of the threat which existed at the outbreak of the war of the collapse of American national unity under the strain of fighting so costly a war in Europe. It required a violent effort of the national will to pull the country together.

THE American people has made this violent effort of the national will, and the effort has been successful. Every American who loves his country and believes in it must rejoice at its success. But an effort of this kind cannot succeed without overplaying its triumph. The exertion which was

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required to overcome the real obstacles was so tremendous and the resulting momentum so irresistible that the national will now keeps grinding away at obstacles which no longer impede its course and which it would do better to leave alone. In the case of the I. W. W. trial, for instance, public opinion had every reason to support the government in suppressing and punishing any agitation against the war and the authority of the United States which resulted in actions obstructive to American success. In bringing these prosecutions, however, the test of guilt should be not the holding of a revolutionary opinion, but the actual commission of obstructive acts. The line is difficult to draw but upon the successful and resolute attempt to draw it will depend the perpetuity of the American democracy. In this as in other respects the danger now is becoming the reverse of what it was during the first few months after American entrance into the war. The danger now is of an insistence on American national unity so overbearing that it will be followed as soon as the war is over by a no less violent reaction. In that case, the American nation might be deprived for many years of the moral union which should be its most valuable reward for the sacrifices and the exertions of the war.

THE Japanese rice riots, which despite the press censorship are revealed as widespread and menacing, are a sign of proletarian awakening. The growth of industry in the Island Empire has been astonishingly rapid and, as in most countries, this early stage of capitalism means a crudely ruthless exploitation of the poor. The accumulating wealth has been narrowly concentrated into a few hands, while the mass of the population becomes daily more impoverished. Money wages have risen but food prices have increased even faster and rents have become almost prohibitive. There is an enormous exodus from the over-crowded rice-paddies to the over-crowded cities, and for these destitute armies of new factory workers there is no adequate provision in Tokio, Osaka and other Japanese cities. No one who has seen the dismal slums of Tokio can imagine a more desolate, comfortless and precarious life than that of these proletarians, forced off the land by an ever-increasing birth-rate and thrown into factories and industrial cities which have made no provision for them. The European war has aggravated all these evils. Wages again have been advanced but food prices have risen to a point, partly through scarcity and partly through a permitted speculation, where hundreds of thousands of chronically under-fed Japanese are in danger of actual starvation.

OBVIOUSLY the riots are political as well as economic in character. For more than a decade a strong feeling of resentment has been growing up in Japan against the exclusion of the wage-earner from all political influence. Disfranchised by a high property qualification for voters, the Japanese worker finds the political parties arrayed against him and conducted in the interest of the propertied classes. He has no discretion in foreign or domestic affairs, which are a class interest, and no veto power over immense military and naval programmes, the chief burden of which falls upon him. The strike in Japan is illegal, the trade union is frowned upon and all socialist movements are cruelly repressed. Factory legislation is ineffective and perfunctory, and speculation and profiteering on an immense scale are allowed. Against all this repression the literate Japanese proletarian has secretly rebelled and today we find him for the first time using the weapons that the unrepresented masses have always used, riot, destruction, violence. The riots will be put down, for the government is capable and thorough. It is also, we believe, intelligent. If it is intelligent it will realize that Imperial doles of money and rice will not solve the problems revealed by this deep proletarian unrest and that the time has come to admit the wage-earner to at least a small share in the government of the nation.

MANCHURIA is one of the regions in which the war is quite certain to produce important political changes. The former working agreement for the definition of interests between Russia and Japan was satisfactory at the time when it was concluded. It safeguarded Japanese economic and political interests in the south, and gave Russia such control as she required over the road to Vladivostok. Nevertheless, so long as Russia held this easy route to the Pacific, Japan's primacy in that quarter was subject to challenge. She was therefore justified, by the logic of national interest, in cherishing the hope that conditions might arise in which Russian influence might be forced to recede behind the Amur river. Something very like such conditions have arisen out of the Russian revolution. By what principle can the Russian democracy insist upon imperialistic control of this part of the Chinese Empire? On what grounds could Moscow object if Japanese troops, especially operating in conjunction with the Chinese, were to occupy the railway over Manchurian territory from the upper branches of the Amur to the Ussuri headwaters? As a matter of fact the Japanese are actually moving in this direction. And when the war ends, it is difficult to see what nation would have a moral ground for requesting the evacuation

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of Manchuria by the Japanese. They are likely to remain, and in so doing they will establish themselves as the undisputed masters of the eastern Pacific.

OFFICIAL relations between the governments of the Allies and the Russian Soviets are not so unfriendly as might be inferred from the interventionist press despatches. The American consul at Moscow remains at his post—having destroyed his records, to be sure—and the nationals of the Allied nations, after a brief period of ugly threats of arrests and reprisals, appear to be free to go about their affairs or leave the country. At Vladivostok, where the friction might easily have become serious, the Allies have not yet found it necessary to proclaim martial law, although insistently pressed to do so, especially by persons thousands of miles away who pretend to understand local conditions in Vladivostok better than the commanders on the spot. The appearance of a British force at Baku, cooperating with the local Soviets against the Turks and Germans, would be the most hazardous enterprise in history if the Allied governments were not in some way managing to convey to the Russian people an impression of good faith. The Russian situation is hazardous, but there is not yet any sufficient reason why friends of Russia and of democracy should give up hope. The counter-revolutionary forces are hard at work but their influence with the Allied governments should not be overrated.

GERMANY does not intend to back up the Bolsheviki, whatever the Allies may undertake against them. All shades of German opinion as represented by Germania, the Tägliche Rundschau, the Kreuz-Zeitung, the Tageblatt and Vorwärts are in favor of leaving the Russian Reds to their fate. All this is perfectly intelligible. It was impossible for imperialistic Germany to do business with Russia under the Soviet government. All the German effort expended in propaganda was wasted: the Bolsheviki were too shrewd ever to forget that whatever the German government might promise while its energies were occupied by war, it was by inherent necessity their implacable enemy. Kaiserism can not tolerate any kind of democracy in Russia. On the other hand, an anti-Soviet government, set up under Allied auspices, will doubtless exhibit an initial anti-German tendency. But the Germans do not despair of their ability to capture it in the end. They captured the Finnish conservative government in spite of the fact that that government received its first official recognition from France. The Svinhufvud government of Finland, drowning in a sea of social disorder, was in no position to refuse the aid of the nearest life guard. That is all that Finnish pro-Germanism amounts to, but it is enough, for German purposes. The next "orderly" Russian government may find swimming equally difficult. This is the German hope.

GERMAN and Austrian indignation over British recognition of the Czecho-Slovak state is sufficient evidence that such recognition was not an empty form. It has been one of the cardinal points in the war aims of the Central Powers that the Allies should be brought to the point where they would agree to raise no questions as to the "internal conditions of the Dual Empire." This meant primarily the questions of an independent Czecho-Slovakia and an independent Jugo-Slavia. British recognition of the Czecho-Slovak nation amounts to a proclamation that no peace conference will be held which does not admit to consideration questions pertaining to the subject nationalities of Austria-Hungary. It would be monstrous for the British state to recognize the Czecho-Slovaks as independent allies and later to subscribe to a peace in which their interests were not even considered. Italian negotiations with the Jugo-Slavs may be regarded as of the same effect. Italy could hardly sit in a peace conference which excluded from consideration a political entity with which Italy had made political and territorial conventions. Such recognition of the Austrian nationalities will later prove to be valuable countermeasures against German peace offensives. It is to be hoped that the United States will lend the weight of its official recognition to the national claims of the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs.

MODERN languages are to occupy a new place in the British system of education, if the recommendations embodied in a recently published government report are adopted by the educational authorities. The government is urged to create fifty-five professorships and one hundred and ten lectureships in modern studies, and it is further recommended that large numbers of scholarships be created and subventions granted to students wishing to complete their courses in foreign universities. The committee which prepared the report offers a valiant defense for modern languages as an instrument of culture, by which "we mean that training which tends to develop the higher faculties, the imagination, the sense of beauty, and the intellectual comprehension." Especial emphasis is laid upon the utilitarian value of modern languages. The British cannot afford to go out into the world to reconquer their trading position handicapped by their ancient ignorance of foreign tongues. It is worth noting that the committee

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displays none of our American sentimental aversion to the enemy's tongue. As keys to current contributions to knowledge the committee ranks the modern languages in the order of French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish. This is the significant order for America also from a cultural point of view. From a utilitarian point of view American educators would probably be justified in giving a higher ranking to Spanish, at least.

Revolution and Dogma

WE do not know what Nicolas Lenin thought on that day in October, 1917, when the proletarian revolution conquered Russia, but to the minds of his followers there must have come hopes more daringly optimistic than any that have visited the poor of the world in all the centuries. Tomorrow the cooperative commonwealth. The peasants would have their land, the workmen their industrial freedom, the proletarians and the poor full control of government. Thereafter, no exploitation and no misery. The Russians and, in rapid course, the peoples of all the world would labor and live in freedom and peace.

The men who engineered this revolution and dreamed these dreams did not for a moment expect that they would be unopposed. They were not utopians expecting the rich to give up their riches willingly. They believed in compulsion, in a bloodless, or if necessary, a bloody overpowering of all classes antagonizing the revolution. Nor did they believe in half-measures. The capitalists were to be deprived of their capital without any pretense of compensation; they were to be driven out of state offices and out of the control of industry. They were not even to be politically represented until conditions had been created which rendered the perpetuation of capitalism impossible. The wage-earners and peasants, freely cooperating, strongly united by a faith in socialism, were to take immediate and complete possession of government and business and rule the nation in the interest of the masses. There was to be no compromise and no concessions.

Today this confident mood is already a thing of the past. The Russian Socialist Revolution, having overcome the opposition of all the capitalists, has struck against an infinitely more formidable and potent resistance. The revolutionists are faced with the problem which eternally challenges all societies and all social forms, that of making a living, of producing and distributing goods, of maintaining an effective economic organization. To accommodate itself to this sheer necessity of self-preservation the revolution is obliged to take account of stock, to smother cherished dogmas, to make a temporary composition with former antagonists, to learn from capitalism. It is forced "to halt the offensive (against capital) *for the present.*"

All this one can learn from the perusal of a long and truly remarkable statement by Nicolas Lenin, published in the Pravda of Petrograd on April 28, 1918. It was, we imagine, a difficult statement for a revolutionary leader to make. It is blunt, courageous, intelligent, based on a deep knowledge of history and economics and infused with a flaming revolutionary spirit, and at the same time it is as cautious, concrete and prosaic as though written by an American business organizer. "Keep accurate and conscientious accounts," adjures Lenin, "conduct business economically, do not loaf, do not steal, maintain strict discipline at work." "The success of the revolution," he continues, "depends on the ability for practical organization." We must "effect a complete change in the mood of the masses" and "turn them to regular, uninterrupted and disciplined labor." We must purchase the services of "a thousand first class scientists and specialists" and though we pay each of these capitalist "stars" twenty-five, fifty or even a hundred thousand rubles a year, they will be cheap at the price. Before we take over further properties we must learn to run efficiently those we have already taken. "The levying of contributions on the bourgeoisie—a measure which in principle is undoubtedly acceptable and deserving proletarian approval"—"should give way to a system of regularly collected property and income taxes." In other words, "management" is better than "conquest" and, for the present at least, a reasonable system of taxation is more productive than a drastic system of wholesale confiscation.

Does this read like Poor Richard's Almanac? Perhaps. Yet the fundamental spirit of Lenin is diametrically opposed to that of Franklin. This Russian does not care about mere accumulation either for the individual or, beyond a certain point, for society; if he talks of production and distribution, and of the discipline and organization necessary to secure these, it is because he realizes—is forced to realize—that without production there can be no socialism. He clearly recognizes—what most revolutionists ignore—that the mere conquest of political power does not perpetuate a real change unless the class that has attained power is able to keep the economic process going. It is with evident reluctance that he makes this temporary compromise with capitalism. Yet such compromise is fatally necessary. Dogma, even the most revolutionary dogma, must in the end surrender to facts.

Lenin, in other words, now sees that a policy of

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mere conquest and force cannot maintain the revolutionary gains. In former revolutions the toiling masses performed the preliminary and negative work of destruction, leaving the constructive work to be performed by "the propertied bourgeois minority." "In every socialist revolution, however," writes Lenin, "the main task of the proletariat and of the poorest peasantry . . . consists in the positive and constructive work of establishing an extremely complex and delicate net of newly organized relationships covering the systematic production and distribution of products which are necessary for the existence of tens of millions of people."

In this work the Russian revolutionists have hitherto failed. Lenin admits that "we are extremely backward" in regard to the solution of the most important and vital economic and financial problems, the nationalization of banks, the monopolization of foreign trade, the state control of currency, the levying of property and income taxes, the introduction of obligatory labor service. Under socialism, as under the Tsar's bureaucracy, the people hate and distrust everything concerned with the state. There is still "a good deal of unconscious anarchism," "and a good deal of despair and aimless anger has accumulated." There has been organized sabotage by the propertied and professional classes and much opposition from the wealthier peasants. There has been shirking and "graft" and, above all, mismanagement and no management at all. The labor discipline is bad. Almost in despair Lenin harks back to the partial successes of the industrial system so recently overturned. Piece work, he insists, must be introduced and we must try out "each progressive suggestion of the Taylor system." "The possibility of socialism," he asserts, "will be determined by our success in combining the Soviet rule and the Soviet organization of management with the latest progressive measures of capitalism."

Is all this a surrender—this preaching of bourgeois maxims, this borrowing of bourgeois methods and expedients, this compounding with capitalism, this halt *for the moment* in the campaign against capital? No, answers Lenin. It is merely a tactical change; we have advanced all we could with our light cavalry and now must pause to bring up our heavy artillery. Yet seemingly he is not quite content and at last he makes the brave admission that he is beating a retreat. "To conceal from the people that attracting bourgeois specialists by extremely high salaries is a defection from the principles of the commune would mean that we had lowered ourselves to the level of bourgeois politicians and were deceiving the masses. To explain openly how and why we have made a step backward and then to discuss publicly the means we have to overcome our deficiencies—this means to educate the masses and to learn from experience, to learn with them, to build socialism."

As we finish this memorable and in some ways pathetic document we wonder what would have happened had Lenin and the Bolsheviki retained power, and not been overwhelmed, as today it seems not unlikely they will be overwhelmed, by a fatal conjunction of unfavorable domestic and foreign complications. Would these drastic Bolsheviki have been soothed and mollified; would their taut doctrinarism have slackened? Would they have succumbed insensibly to the custom of compromise?

Of sheer necessity they must have succumbed either to compromise or to defeat. The conditions which make for the conquest of power are rarely those which make for its retention. To gain control of Russia the Bolsheviki were perforce extremists and desperate promisers. They promised peace, land, bread, democracy, the unique rule of the proletariat and peasantry, a rigorous meting out of justice on the basis of a bald equality. All should gain alike; the lowest should stand level with the highest. But once in power, oppressed with responsibility, and seeing as from an eminence over a new vast plain of social phenomena, revolutionary leaders necessarily change their mood, and the whole emphasis of the propaganda which lifted them up seems false and strained. The revolutionist in power perceives how feeble are law, force, inspiration, doctrine and dogma compared to the silent stubborn insistence arising from the needs, ambitions and prejudices of the ruled. And so Lenin—as this document reveals—ceased to be absolute—if he ever was—and became comparative, quantitative, a chooser of lesser evils. He was willing for the moment to forego expropriation, to introduce a wage system, piece work and scientific management, to pay experts fifty thousand roubles a year, and to let capitalists earn money and save it until the hour struck for the gradual extinction of their class. Had the Bolsheviki lasted a few years would they have persisted in their logical repudiation of the foreign debt—which raised up so many enemies against them—and would they have refused to make concessions which might have secured them the aid, or at least the acquiescence of the smaller bourgeois?

We shall probably never know. We leave Lenin planning a great future programme, a socialist industrial state, a socialist organization of emulation and peace among fraternal cooperative commonwealths, while at the same time making temporary concessions in practices and principles to avert immediate disaster. What he seems to

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have hoped for was time to permit the training and education of the masses so that they might hold and use the power they had seized. Doubtless Lenin had few illusions as to the probability of success. Internal opposition, the "shameful" peace with Germany, the growing menace of warring nations, the intellectual unpreparedness of the Russian masses, the disintegrating after-effects of almost four years of war, the errors and gross transgressions of the Bolsheviki themselves—all these were signs that the power to act would pass, that the hour of opportunity was brief. Perhaps our conclusion is fanciful, but to us this memorandum of Lenin seems like an appeal to the opinion of a world not yet born even more than a plea to a bewildered Russia alone and friendless and menaced by foreign foe and civil war, by disruption and famine.

Realpolitik in Business

WHAT, in essence, is that hideous thing, visibly embodied in the present German government, that the civilized world is determined to destroy, though millions of lives must be the cost? It is an organization of selfish personal, family and caste ambitions, inhuman, insatiate, utterly ruthless in its methods but apt at slavering over its designs with pretenses of efficiency and promises of a better lot for mankind. By fair means or foul, indifferently, the forces of greed coming to a head under the Kaiser's helmet would subject all Europe, if possible the whole world, to a common dominion. Why? In order that thereafter the peoples might be governed efficiently, free from the shackles of petty nationalisms and the risks of war. So argue the Kaiser's apologists, volunteers or conscripts.

All this, the insatiate ambition, the ruthless Realpolitik, the paid or abject apology, is readily intelligible to Americans, because we have it all, in experimental proportions, in certain of our own businesses. There is very little in which the "German spirit" could instruct the packers' combination, whose methods are once more set before a jaded public attention by the summary of the report of the Federal Trade Commission. Here are five great corporations, Armour and Company, Swift and Company, Morris and Company, Wilson and Company, and the Cudahy Packing Company, narrowly controlled by a small group of individuals, who set before themselves a score of years ago the purpose of seizing the whole marketable supply of the animal food of a nation, and who have since begun to reach out for the control of other foods, lest the vegetarian fail to pay tribute, and foreign food supplies, lest alien producers and consumers remain freer of extortion than our own blood. How well they have succeeded is indicated by the fact that of animals slaughtered for interstate trade their shares in 1916 were 82.2 per cent of mature cattle, 76.6 per cent of calves, 61.2 per cent of hogs and 86.4 per cent of sheep and lambs. In 1917 Armour and Company at one stroke made themselves the greatest rice dealers in the world, and handled nearly a quarter of the wheat sold in Chicago, the world's greatest market. The packers dominate in the market for hides; they hold a powerful position in the canning industry; they handle half the interstate trade in poultry, eggs and cheese. Their banking interests are vast and far reaching. Abroad, they have established themselves in a dominant position in the meat exporting countries of Latin America and are steadily proceeding toward control in Canada and Australasia. The German Kaiser once vowed that no important international transaction should reach consummation anywhere in the world without acknowledging the interests of Germany. The packers apparently, have vowed that there shall be no transactions in the import or export of food that do not recognize the packers' interests and pay tribute to them.

Such appear to be the packers' ambitions: by what methods have they proceeded to realize them? By the crooked methods of business Realpolitik. "The power of the Big Five has been and is being unfairly and illegally used to manipulate live-stock markets; restrict interstate and international supplies of foods; control the prices of dressed meats and other foods; defraud both the producers of food and consumers; crush effective competition; secure special privileges from railroads, stock-yard companies and municipalities; and profiteer." While keeping up a show of competition, the Big Five have operated under the tightest of compacts. They have manipulated prices in such a way that the producers of live stock have come to feel that of all forms of gambling stock-raising is the most risky. They have used their control over stock yards, cattle loan banks, refrigerator cars, storage warehouses, to choke out competitors who could not have been beaten in an honest fight. They have tampered with the organs of publicity upon which producers and consumers rely for their technical information.

It might have been supposed that when their country was engaged in a life and death struggle with German Realpolitik the packers would have felt something of a sacred fear about continuing their grasping and unlawful practices. They had profited immensely in the period before our entry into the war. Considering that most of the millions they were making were going into the hands of half a dozen men it would not have been a miracle if

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they had said to themselves: we have enough, we will place our skill, our organization, at the country's service, taking no compensation beyond the modest rewards with which most men who serve their country are content. But to the packers the war was merely an opportunity for additional gain. In 1917 they levied upon the public a tax four times as great as their average before the European war. There is no sign anywhere that they manifested the least disposition to abate their unfair and unlawful practices. Whatever might befall their country and the world, they were going to assure themselves that their grip on the food supply of the peoples should be tighter at the peace than before the war.

But in inveighing against the packers do we not overlook the fact that they represent a higher, more efficient business form than the disorganized body of small producers they are forcing out of existence? Possibly, in the sense that the Pan-German Central European empire represents a higher, more efficient governmental system than the smaller nationalities it threatens to extirpate. Efficiency, however, is not everything, either in government or in business. And furthermore, there is reason to doubt the reality of an efficiency that can not be put into operation without foul means. If the Big Five have really been more efficient than other producers why have they persistently resorted to crooked practices to win the field to themselves? Are we to suppose that they had a perverse preference for methods in contravention of law and abhorrent to the universal sense of fair play? This is a hypothesis we refuse to entertain. The packers resorted to unfair methods because they were not efficient enough to overcome competition by fair methods.

Ten years ago such revelations as the Federal Trade Commission is making would have given rise to universal demand for criminal prosecution. But we have lost our illusions of the efficacy of criminal procedure in such cases. The arrest and conviction of a few more or less responsible officers of the packing companies would no more shatter the system of business Realpolitik than the assassination of a von Mirbach or a von Eichorn shatters the system of political Realpolitik. It is necessary to go deeper. This the Federal Trade Commission recognizes in its recommendatioins: (1) Let the ownership of rolling stock used to transport meat animals be a government monopoly. (2) Let the stock yards be acquired by the government and operated without favor. (3) Let refrigerator cars and services auxiliary to their operation be monopolized by the government. (4) Let warehouses, cold storage plants, etc., be monopolized by the government and operated as public markets offering equal facilities to all.

Such efficiency as the packers have actually attained in the processes of manufacture can, it is evident, be maintained under the reforms proposed by the commission. Such competitive advantages as go with great wealth and an established organization remain untouched. The $178,000,000 of net profits accumulated by the packers in the years 1915-1917 may remain with them, to improve the equipment of the industry. It is not proposed to disintegrate the system of distribution upon which the monopoly powers of the packers depend, but to carry it to a higher stage of development under the control of the government.

It is a reform which we ought to put into effect at the earliest possible moment. The food supply of the nations, for the period of the war and for the period of reconstruction, will be of primary concern to the statesmen of our own country and the Allied nations. We can not afford to appear before the world as a nation capable of fighting against Realpolitik abroad, but tolerant of Realpolitik as applied at home by a little band of insatiate adventurers, scheming to make the hunger of the peoples yield them profit and power.

Bureaucracy in the Making

NOTHING is more difficult of achievement than the ideal of responsible government. In any society, the real rulers are hidden from the public view; for the influences which go to make action are too numerous and intricate to be at all easily known. It is clear enough that in the last few years the extension of the administrative process has only emphasized this general truth. The executive power has largely freed itself from the control of the legislative organ; and the centre of governmental power has become concentrated in a fashion that would be hardly understood by the parliamentarians of the nineteenth century.

Much of this, indeed, is intelligible enough. The decay of legislatures is most obvious. The executive is so much better informed, so much better served, and, in its higher branches, so much better known, that it was inevitable, in the age of the positive state, for public opinion to look there for the definitive political power. No legislative assembly in the world has been able to retain a vigilant supervision of the authority it delegates to the executive. A people indifferent to anything save the results of political action could not help comparing the achievement of Mr. Wilson with the stolid complexity of Congress, the febrile energy of Mr. Lloyd George with the baffled and sporadic bewilderment of the House of Commons. In the result, we have an immense increase of boards, commissions, clerks, and departments charged with the

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real business of government. Our civil services have literally passed the stage where enumeration of their personnel is possible. No ordinary citizen can hope to follow their regulations or understand their technique. He cannot know that one man is able and another merely decorative. He cannot estimate the part played by the unknown subordinates in the determination of ministerial decisions. He has practically none of the data upon which a judgment of their value must depend. He has become helpless before an administrative science so technical that the old simplicity of politics is dead. He can concern himself only with vague outlines and large results. The recesses of political action have become closed to all save the highly initiate.

It has become a question of the utmost importance as to whether an administration so immense as that of the modern state is really compatible with liberalism. The old theory of ministerial responsibility does not work. No one except Mr. Baker's subordinates can accurately estimate his value as Secretary of War; and they are estopped from speech. A cabinet minister is theoretically a despot over his department; but in practice he is so perplexed by the immense variety and difficulty of the subjects upon which he must pass that he is bound to rely upon the judgment of his technical inferiors. Lord Milner must trust to one general for this and a colonel for that; upon cordite Captain X is the recognized specialist and upon machine-guns Colonel Y. All the decisions are the minister's decisions; and yet all of them, by the division administration requires, escape the region of responsibility. The government becomes narrowed into a series of officials whose names are unknown and of whose functions we are largely ignorant. They have a habit, undoubtedly, of duty. They are sufficiently sensible to the charms of power to exert themselves unremittingly in its exercise. Their experience has made them thoroughly conversant with the details of their business. They alone know the technique of memoranda, the method of official intercommunication, the way in which past problems have been settled. The cabinet officer will be satisfied with them if things go well. If they go ill, he is dependent upon them for the response to criticism. Things must be developed into a routine, if they are here to prosper. General rules that do not permit of deviation; a sense that the new is the troublesome; a fear of congressional criticism; a dislike of newspaper publicity—all these are essential in the official type that our immense administration develops. Suggestions from outside are repelled as invasions of sacred territory. Public criticism is rejected as based on inadequate information or backed by the promise of a departmental inquiry. Access to the summit is denied because the information proffered would interfere with the process that has been set on foot. The facts are concealed because secrecy is essential to the public interest. It is a system, doubtless, that has its origin in the general public indolence and ignorance about the details of politics, and, in so far, is doubtless our own creation. It is nevertheless impregnated with all the characteristics of that arbitrary government it is our object to destroy.

The fact of such impregnation is clearly seen if the process of administration is examined in two special aspects. Within the departments themselves what is remarkably obvious is the concentration of power. It comes to be possessed by a small clique whose habits and traditions are handed down from generation to generation; so that in France M. Chardon can complain that men of high distinction have never taken a decision in the whole course of their official career. One man is suspect because he has been a professor. Another is frowned upon because his novels show that his heart is outside the department. A third is neglected because his inventiveness does not run in the groove of filing cabinets and new index systems. The departments fail to develop internally a proper sense of cooperation, on the one hand, and a proper sense of responsibility on the other. Their hierarchical structure is fatal to their originality. Their mole-like secrecy prevents a proper sense of perspective. The man whose only thought is to secure buttons will sooner or later have a soul that cannot rise above buttons. The man who knows that he cannot receive public blame or public credit is deprived of the most valuable stimulus to thought. The result is to emphasize the value of the routineer at the expense of the inventor. It is to belittle the importance of humanity in the public official. It is to degrade him into a petty clerk only distinguished from other clerks by the larger building in which he works and the more fashionable functions to which he is invited. It is to belittle his intelligence and thus to betray it.

The consequence, sooner or later, is what we have seen in the France of the last ten years. The lower branches of the civil service revolt against the inhumanity of their occupations. They demand the opportunity of personal responsibility. They become eager to get outside the rut of routine and find means of translating their whole personality into their effort. They develop technical ideals of service. They resent the jobs they see perpetrated. They watch with disgust promotions made through influence, or ignorance, or jealousy. They note the pathetic attempts to conceal official failure from the public. They resent the secrecy with which the facts are invested. They become what is termed administrative syndicalists—by which implies the

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desire of the official to play a public and responsible part in government. They become interested in standards of work and wages. They form—as Mr. Burleson has occasion to know—trade unions for self-protection. A sufficient irresponsiveness to their demands causes the internal irritation which in France displayed the utter incompetence of the administrative regime, the divorce of its ideals from the national life. That is the penalty that human nature extorts for the neglect of essential freedoms.

Externally, also, analysis reveals similar defects. Everyone who has been in the anteroom of a great public official knows the spectacle that will confront him. There is the man with a grievance who is being humorously handed round from clerk to clerk and has already become the butt of the very messenger to whom he announces himself. There is the man who is unable to secure accurate specifications for his contract. An harassed inventor sits moodily in a corner, wondering if he can explain his ideas to the glib little secretary who promises everything but attention. A man who has passed months in a country upon which knowledge is all-important sits waiting to be told that his information is unacceptable. Every time the door opens the visitors look up eagerly, but in vain. Then a senator, anxious about a position for his nephew, will enter to be immediately and unctiously ushered into the presence. It is the same in England and France and Italy. The very vastness of the enterprise demands routine; and routine is the annihilation of humanity.

Nor is it different when admission to the presence is gained. The story is eagerly, almost feverishly, told, and received with a polite calm that is bound to convince the narrator of his entire unimportance. Your grievance will be investigated so soon as you apply on the right form; but the form is to be obtained from another bureau with which this department has no connection. The invention will be considered, but the waiting-list is so long that the minister regrets he can hold out no immediate hopes. The specifications for the contracts are not yet ready. Or a journalist is told of the minister's eagerness to win the war, the department's sense of the urgency of the task in hand. The traveler is thanked for the information he is willing to proffer, but the department feels that it ought not to deviate from the track of its ordinary procedure. It is Dickens's Circumlocution Office, and a new generation of Barnacles has arisen to lend it the distinction of their airy incompetence.

The truth is that we have evolved the great society without the institutions adequate to its functioning. Nearly ninety years ago de Tocqueville warned us of a civilization in which men might exchange their freedom for material ease. That is the real danger by which we are confronted. The immense centralization the modern regime has effected involves everywhere outside the inner circle an anaemia which is fatal to responsible intelligence. The terminology is itself a foreign language. The technique can be known only to the initiate. We are coming, in fact, to realize the truth of Aristotle's dictum that citizenship is the capacity to rule and be ruled in turn. There has never been a time when constant and widespread education in the process of politics was so gravely needed. There is real danger lest we develop an intelligent class of professional officials who regard the members of the modern state as what the French in an expressive phrase call les administrés—the subjects of their rules and regulations. The one great problem of this generation is to find place in the categories of politics for the personality of the individual citizen. Representative government is a useless fiction if the delegation it involves divorces the business of politics from the cast of life. It is only by the widespread association of men in its responsibilities that we can avoid that danger. That means a dispersion of the centres of authority not merely in area, but also in function. It means the recognition that every interest in the state demands political expression. No organization is adequate in which a single citizen is rendered powerless to contribute his utmost to the public good; for no organization that fails in this has seized the secret of the democratic spirit.

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American Commanders for the Army

THE success of the American army at Château Thierry and on the Marne has demonstrated a fact of far reaching importance. American troops fight best under their own commanders. Since General Pershing at the end of March placed himself and his army at the service of General Foch our troops have been to a considerable extent under the leadership of French and British officers. Trained officers were what the American army lacked most. The French and British formations, on the other hand, lacked men. The conclusion to be drawn seemed obvious. If any country could voluntarily abdicate the traditional historical right to an independent army it was America, and she made the temporary sacrifice with a goodwill that moved our Allies profoundly. General Pershing's preference was that our troops should be grouped in army corps and armies rather than dispersed. In some cases American divisions have, in fact, been complete in every particular of staff and line. In others, American regiments have been brigaded with the French troops under French superior command, and American battalions and companies have also been alternated with similar French units.

Almost all the fighting done by the American army has up to now taken place in French sectors. We shall speak in this article in Franco-American terms. The same general conditions and conclusions hold, however, in relation to the British command. No hard and fast plan could have been carried out, owing to shifting military circumstances which still prevail; but from the operations of the past three months emerges a truth that may be stated in rough statistical form somewhat as follows. An American officer sixty per cent trained will probably get more out of American troops than a French officer ninety per cent trained. Our soldiers have proved themselves adaptable and modest, not in the least know-it-all, not in the least chauvinistic. The response they have given to the French and English officers who have assisted in their training has been unqualified. Fortunate indeed is our army to have such instructors as these able and experienced and generous men. It would not stand where it is today but for their constant aid and counsel. But the relations of the French officer to the American soldier as teacher and as commander in actual operations are two different questions, especially when it comes to putting such large groups as divisions, to say nothing of larger groups, under the guidance of French officers, the differences in national psychology make themselves sharply felt.

On the battlefield the source of the fighting force and instinct of our troops is just as intensely American as that of the French is French and the British British. It is for America, as she stands trial in the European arena, that our men are going over the top, for America that they are eager to risk their lives. Though their sentiment for France be ever so strong, one can't talk many minutes with American soldiers without getting the spontaneous impact of their nationalism. The Director of the French military hospitals of an important city in the war zone declares that every one of our men who died in their hospital made it clear to his French nurse that he was dying for America. In the field every American element that is added, American guns, American airplanes, adds to the spirit and dash of the troops. And in the matter of the staff and high command, when that, too, is American, a sort of liberating electric current is transmitted down through the military hierarchy and heightens the morale and the zest of the men in the ranks.

Consider General Pershing's job in the light of this incontrovertible psychological truth: Like President Wilson's leadership of our nation through the mazes of international politics, his leadership of our great army in the making, amidst many cross influences, must be as clear-sighted as it is courageous and unflinching. As upon the President rests the ultimate responsibility for keeping before our Allies the democratic ideals for which we are fighting, so upon General Pershing rests the ultimate responsibility for organizing and employing our army in France to the best advantage of our Allies as well as ourselves. It is the American forces that are going, in the long run, to settle the fate of the world, and it is as much the Commander-in-Chief's duty as it is the President's to keep an open mind and an independent spirit. He must take great account of tradition and experience, and yet realize that it is not traditionalism or even experience in military matters that can carry us to success. At this critical hour the contribution of America must be as fresh as the spirit of our troops, and to make it prevail the American army must, as soon as possible, become autonomous, homogeneous and effective in national terms.

The first steps to this great end have already been taken. Since the end of May, when an American unit in Cantigny made the first conclusive demonstration of the calibre of our troops, our army has been growing by leaps and bounds towards self-conscious independence and to justifying day

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by day qualities of judgment and leadership on the part of its chief. First at Château Thierry, then between the Aisne and the Ourcq, large American units under American command have, with the approval of the French High Command, had the opportunity, in combat of an especially taxing type, of showing a distinctly American skill and punch that brought undoubted victory. The cost was heavy but distinctly worth the price. At this stage of our participation America has, up to date, on the Marne front, furnished the equivalent of thirteen French or German divisions; that is to say, six of our divisions and some additional brigades. Of these American divisions four were under our own command. Five corps staffs have now been completed. The sixth and seventh will be so before this article is printed, and the first American Army Staff has just been assembled under the command of the man who has won the entire confidence of the American army, General Pershing himself.

It is inevitable that in the transition and organization period difficulties should arise at many points and of many sorts. By facing them squarely, whenever they occur, they can, however, be eliminated. It is to aid the real France that we have crossed the Atlantic and we shall stay with her to the last ditch. What is needed in military matters, and the same principle holds in the political field, is not so much a romantic acceptance of everything French as good in itself, as a balanced judgment on what in French experience is valuable for our army under the conditions of actual operation. France on her side has been more than generous in her praise of the fighting quality and ability of our troops. From now on, therefore, the problem of organization and training should be in a fair way to solving itself. The American army is fully aware that it has much to learn yet, both in matters of the staff and high command, as well as in regard to the supply and transportation of large bodies of troops. It still counts on the advice and cooperation of experienced French and British officers, and is itself vigorously attacking the training question by putting some of its best efforts into the creation of adequate schools. As these schools send out graduates, so the difficulty of handling our divisions and army corps and armies independently will gradually disappear before the realities and the immense positive factors of war. The selection of men becomes almost automatic and instinctive. The fighting on the Marne makes clear that our army has in it all the elements of a competent command in accordance with the best genius of our people.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Paris, August 16th.

Mr. Baker Reaps

ALL through last winter and last spring Mr. Baker was preparing our present tangle in man-power and our present shortage in officers.

In the year 1917 Mr. Baker called 516,000 draft men to our camps. And Enoch Crowder, his Provost Marshal General, went and "classified" all the men who remained uncalled. A great and good job. And he put all the still callable men into Class One. And Class One was a tremendous reservoir. It contained 2,400,000 men.

So Mr. Baker came into the year 1918 with 2,400,000 men in his reservoir and only 516,000 of them dipped out. And he was not on his way to dipping them out fast. That is, he could not dip them out fast just then. In January he called only 23,000 of them to camp. In February he called only 84,000. These were small calls, in comparison with the present ones; and Mr. Baker was very busy, anyway, with other things.

The Senate was wanting to know why the Quartermaster Corps did not produce more blankets and why the Ordnance Department did not produce more cannon. Mr. Baker was testifying before Congress. He was making great replies to great questions by Chamberlain, Hitchcock, Wadsworth, Weeks. We were in the midst of our long controversy about supplies and about how to organize ourselves to produce them. Mr. Baker was working at being a Secretary of Supplies, a Minister of Munitions.

As Minister of Munitions, he was re-organizing our supplies system, frequently. He was making an Army Council (which subsequently faded away) and a Directorship of Purchases (which subsequently faded away) and a Surveyor Generalship of Purchases (which subsequently faded away) and many other reforms, the survivors of which are still with us. And he was telling Congress that no one man could be a Minister of Munitions, a complete Minister of Munitions. No one man could handle the industrial side of Army, Navy, Shipping Board. But the Army is fully three-quarters of it all, industrially. And Mr. Baker was handling all of that three-quarters; and, in addition, he was handling four-quarters of one other complete heroic job—the job of Minister of War.

As Minister of War, he had to get officers. In 1917 he ran two sets of training camps for officers. To these camps we admitted civilians. And, among

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them, we admitted men above draft age. We admitted "older" men. They were, and are, most valuable, most necessary. Every Allied army is resolute in its conviction that the older men must be included—for authority, for stability. We welcomed them to our first two sets of camps, on terms which they gladly accepted.

The second of these two sets came to an end in the fall of 1917. Then there was a gap. And for several weeks there was much debate. And midwinter was upon us before we closed the gap and started our new system. It was a system (for line officers) of "divisional" camps. From each division we would have enlisted men sent to a "divisional" camp to learn to be officers. And civilians, outright civilians, were effectively barred.

Two results soon appeared. First, the quality of our prospective officers went down. The enlisted men in our camps had come, the mass of them, from the 21-to-31 age section of our population. Our choice of enlisted men for officers was therefore confined, for the most part, to that one section. It was a perfectly good section, but it was narrow. And, in practice, it got narrower. It shrank. By volunteering, as well as by being drafted, it poured its members into our camps and off to France, the best first; and thereupon the number of men remaining available and recommendable for officers in the 21-to-31 age section of our population became steadily smaller.

So the second result was reached. Along with not enough quality, there was not enough quantity. In June of this year, for instance, the number of enlisted men recommended for training to be officers in our field artillery was less than 1,000. But we needed, out of that month, in our field artillery officers' training quarters, an entrance list of well over 2,000. Our "Great Army" was upon us.

The Allies knew that we could not deliver this "Great Army" to Europe in the spring of 1918. But they also knew, and they told us so, that we would have to deliver it as shortly afterwards as possible. When Kerenski fell in the autumn of 1917 and when many millions of Russians turned their faces definitely away from war to peace, the Allies could see no victory except through many millions of Americans. And they did not fail to placard this fact at Washington. Our "Great Army" was necessary, and it was coming. But the officers for it? In the first six months of 1918 we ran one set of "divisional camps" and we started a second set. They perhaps fitted the existing army. They quite failed to fit the coming "Great Army." And our shortage of officers in field artillery alone is today somewhere between 3,000 and 4,000.

As Minister of War, Mr. Baker had been too busy as Minister of Munitions.

Mr. Baker is one of the ablest public servants the President has ever known. Of course he is. The Washington correspondence of the New Republic has contained no flippancies on that point. Mr. Baker would rank as a man of the highest ablity even in a circle of acquaintances larger than the President's. And surely there is no virtue in the theory that Mr. Baker has been slow at our "Great Army" because he was once a "pacifist." More than half the homes in this country were "pacifist." They sent an anti-preparedness majority to Congress. And the boys from those homes, in the very name of "pacifism," are today strewing the ground with "militarists" in Picardy. We might have a little respect now for their parents and for them. They are fighting with all the heroism of the members of the National Security League, and they are also fighting for the cause for which this war is being fought. They are in agreement with the Commander-in-Chief. And they are in agreement with the Secretary of War. And if there is any man who could be depended on to want to win this particular war through and through, it is Mr. Baker.

No. His brain is all right, and his heart is all there.

In March the German drive began. It obscured Mr. Baker's duties as Minister of Munitions. It put them into the background. We began to think about man-power. In March Mr. Baker called 132,000 draft men to camp. In April he called 174,000. But, adding together all the calls of the first four months of this year, we arrive at a total of only about 400,000. And we started the year with 2,400,000 men in our Class One reservoir. Therefore, on May 1st, we might theoretically have looked for 2,000,000 men still in it. But we would have been disappointed. Class One had begun to perform the great disappearing act of the war.

It was leaking in a score of different directions. Thousands of its members went off through recruiting stations, volunteering. Others flowed into the Emergency Fleet Corporation, into a special exemption. Many turned out to be physically fitted only for "limited service." Many got classed physically as "defectives." Many got classed as "delinquents," for reasons often perfectly honorable. And on May 1st, instead of having 2,000,000 men in Class One, we had only 1,350,000.

It was time to take notice. It was time to be a Minister of War. And the French and the British thought so, too. They had been beckoning to us from Europe. Now they came over to this side with ships and waited for us at the dock. As hosts, they were rather complete. And Mr. Baker

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began to make plans for man-power, plans for officer-power.

With the opening of summer we abolished our "divisional" system of camps for line officers. We accepted the principle of "central" camps. We established three "central" camps for infantry officers, and one for machine gun officers, and one for field artillery officers. And we accepted the principle of "continuousness" in the production of officers. Instead of having a set of camps with a batch of candidates and then another set with another batch, separated, we decided to abolish all gaps and to operate our camps continuously, admitting new classes of candidates every month or even every week, in order to secure a steady and even flow of completed officers. And we also accepted, we revived and we accepted, the principle of welcoming civilians. They would have to enlist, but we would welcome them. And we did welcome them. In fact, we urged them to hasten to come.

So we got an officer plan, on a prospectively adequate scale, in June, too late to prevent our present shortage, but prophetic of an ample supply later on. And Mr. Baker also developed a rank and file man-power plan. He arrived at it, and had a bill drawn to express it (the bill for lowering and for raising the draft age limits), and he came to the country with it in the first week in August.

It sets forth the number of men to be called to service between October 1st of this year and July 1st of next. This number is a secret. It is known only to those who have read our official memoranda, as printed in the newspapers, and have added the figure 500,000 to the figure 1,500,000. That total is the number of men we intend to call to camp during the last three months of 1918 and the first six months of 1919.

It is a big plan. But while Mr. Baker was reaching it, Class One was sinking under him. It was a race between Mr. Baker and his reservoir. Mr. Baker was rowing toward shore and toward his belated plan with all speed. Enoch Crowder, standing in the prow of the boat, was casting the lead and announcing to all hearers that this reservoir must be refilled at once. Mr. Baker, intent on plan and harbor, was standing on the bridge, defying the elements, and shouting "Full steam ahead." And then the reservoir, not content with leaking, seemed simply to burst its embankments and go away in a flood.

In June Senator Chamberlain, instructed by the War Department, had announced that on the first of August there would be approximately 900,000 men, from all sources, in Class One. This figure was accurately copied by all accurately disposed journals. But it was wrong. A few weeks later a memorandum from the office of the Provost Marshal General showed that on the first of August the men in Class One would number less than 600,000. And when we came to the first of August, it was apparent that on the first of September the men in Class One would number only about 175,000—some 75,000 of them white and some 100,000 of them colored. And Mr. Baker's boat touched shore at just that moment, in the first week of August, bearing the tidings that the draft age limits would be expanded up and down. And it became clear at once to all eligible persons between 18 and 21 and between 32 and 40 that their chances of being examined by their local boards as candidates to be sent to camp in October, or even in September, were excellent. The immediacy of it astounded them. They heard the Stars and Stripes flapping in their heads. And they seemed to be moved to lose their heads and to abandon their homes and to paralyze Mr. Baker and the whole industrial war work of the country by gathering themselves into a great mass and hurling themselves into the camps as volunteers. Mr. Baker stood in an exhausted reservoir of men, threatened by a devastating outburst of them. It was a most ingenious accomplishment.

Whereupon, on August 8th, needing men, needing large numbers of men, especially for officers, we issued an order stopping all volunteering. Mr. Garfield invented the heatless day. But Mr. Baker invented the recruitless recruiting station. In the history of warfare it will go down as by far the greater novelty.

We shall spend months of special registration days and other special, intricate, expensive, time consuming, toil demanding devices to straighten out this tangle. And, unless the rule against volunteering is lifted for officers, our officer shortage will be not merely perilous but disastrous.

At Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky, we have our "central" training school for officers for artillery. This school must give us more than 20,000 officers between now and July 1st next. Its monthly entrance list of officer candidates must go up. From being well above 2,000 now, it must soon go up to being well above 3,000. But its actual effective entrance list, from among enlisted men, is not going up at all. It is not even staying level. It is going down.

This entrance list, from being less than 1,000 out of the month of June, went down to being less than 900 out of the month of July. It seems likely to keep on going down till it is not much above 800. The margin between 800 and 2,000, the margin between 800 and 3,000, must be met.

To meet it, Camp Zachary Taylor turned to civilians. In July, as soon as the new rules per-

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mitted it to do so, it turned to civilians enthusiastically and energetically. And it began to make some progress with them. They began again to volunteer. The saving source of supply was tapped. Now that source, necessary for quality, necessary for quantity, is, by the order of August 8th, quenched.

Such things deserve observation now. At the height of the German drive it was reasonable to remain silent while official propagandists assured the country that the War Department had become a pillar and pyramid of unprecedented efficiency. And indeed the War Department has risen far. The high intelligence and the high devotion of its officers and of their civilian colleagues, to say nothing of the indubitable high ability of Mr. Baker himself, have combined to give the Department an enormous lift in the daily practice of its regular governmental work duty. For that improvement we must feel and we must exhibit a full measure of admiration and of gratitude. But we need no longer be blind to lack of improvement in other matters, to lack of improvement in supreme matters.

The opportunity for errors in high policy remains precisely what it was before.

There could be no policy higher than a policy about officers. Out of this superlatively great country it is simple to produce a relatively great mass of rank and file man-power. But we have to do more than produce man-power. And we have to do more than produce supplies. We have been obliged to rely on the French and on the British along the western front for virtually all our cannon and all our aircraft. It is a humiliation, but it is a temporary one, and it is a minor one.

The real humiliation will be if we fail to produce enough officers, enough good officers, to give us, under Foch, our proper share of military leadership. We have to proceed toward competence, and influential competence, in tactics and in strategy, on a scale worthy of our mass. And to do it we have to have a flood of officers, so weighty in number and in training and in native power, that they will saturate our army and then press it on and up to the intellectual position and military technical prestige and American victory which it deserves. No task, for an American Minister of War, could be higher, could be more urgent.

Why did it go unplanned? Why is it now delayed? For the same two old familiar reasons of a year ago.

We still have no group of men to say to the Minister of War: "You are sunk in being busy. But we are not. We have no business except to survey and to foresee. You have forgotten officers. Get officers. Get them fast." We still have no planning body.

And we still have a Minister of War and a Minister of Munitions in the same skin.

And each new high policy still runs, and will still continue to run, the same old familiar chance of planlessness and of overworked tardiness.

WILLIAM HARD.

Swinburne

SWINBURNE was at once a great poet and a great improvisatore. He was a great poet by Atalanta in Calydon, by A Nympholept, by Hesperia, by Ave Atque Vale, and (perhaps) by Hertha. He was a great improvisatore by much of his most admired work. In Dolores, in Faustine, in Felise, we see him working brilliantly on suggested —it does not matter that they are self-suggested— themes, and triumphing in feats of rhythm and rhyme. The great poet appeared often, but the great improvisatore appeared oftener still—he was continuously and strikingly before three generations of people.

And now our superficial minds are apt to think of Swinburne's verse as being all a matter of hard improvisation and as having as much relation to things of emotional and intellectual growth as fireworks have to flowers. But Swinburne, for all our superficial judgments, is amongst the great poets. His poetry does not arise out of normal relationships. It all comes out of a desert world. There is grass and sunlight in that world, there are roses and clear springs. But it is filled only with dreams and visions of life. And living in that desert world he becomes the poet of abstractions. Are there any of his themes that seem to have been completely carried out of the abstract? His eroticism is an abstract eroticism. His republic is an abstract republic. The freedom that he rhapsodizes of is an abstract freedom—it appears to be no more than a curse held over the heads of traditional kings and even more traditional priests. It often seems that his poetry will be absorbed into his bookishness, and that it will end in literature proceeding from literature to the accompaniment of an unnecessary riot.

It is possible for a poet to represent abstractions and to make poetry that strikes at our nerves and our hearts. Homer often sings about abstractions. Does he not move us when he shows us Strive standing on the prow of Odysseus's ship and arousing the Achaian host to war even against the will of Agamemnon? Does he not make poetry when he tells us how Sleep beguiled Zeus, and how the West Wind and the North Wind came to make flare up the pyre of Patroklos? Homer and Swin-

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burne, it is true, inhabit different worlds. Homer rejoices when he speaks of the feast and the assembly, the city and the cultivated garden. Swinburne is moved by an assembly when it is an assembly of ghosts, by a feast when it marks an "ending of life's festival," by a garden when it is a forsaken garden. And yet he is near to Homer in his power of making abstract things march into poetry:

> Before the beginning of years
> There came to the making of man
> Time, with a gift of tears;
> Grief, with a glass that ran;
> Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
> Summer, with flowers that fell;
> Remembrance fallen from heaven,
> And Madness risen from hell.

Do not the abstractions here give one the same sense of immortal presences that Homer's give?

A confrontation with great abstractions, a sense of empty spaces—of spaces dawn-cold and southern-clear as in Atalanta in Calydon, of spaces inimical and fateful as in A Nympholept—that is what Swinburne's poetry when it is most distinctive brings to us.

I for one cannot understand metaphysics when they are blended with poetry and for that reason Hertha leaves me with nothing to say. But I find a vision of the world in A Nympholept that might be spoken of as Swinburne's philosophy. This is a poem that carries us into his world as assuredly as the Ode to the Nightingale carries us into Keats's or the Ode to the Skylark carries us into Shelley's world. Here Swinburne seizes upon the spirit that haunts his desert world—he names that spirit Pan:

> Thee, therefore, thee would I come to, cleave to, cling,
> If haply thy heart be kind and thy gifts be good,
> Unknown sweet spirit, whose vesture is soft in spring,
> In summer splendid, in autumn pale as the wood
> That shudders and wanes and shrinks as a shamed thing should,
> In winter bright as the mail of a war-worn king
> Who stands where his foes fled far from the face of him stood.
>
> My spirit or thine is it, breath of thy life or of mine,
> Which fills my sense with a rapture that casts out fear?
> Pan's dim frown wanes, and his wild eyes brighten as thine,
> Transformed as night or as day by the kindling year.
> Earth-born, or mine eyes were withered that see, mine ear
> That hears were stricken to death by the sense divine,
> Earth-born I know thee: but heaven is about me here.
> The terror that whispers in darkness and flames in light,
> The doubt that speaks in the silence of earth and sea,
> The sense, more fearful at noon than in midmost night,
> Of wrath scarce hushed and of imminent ill to be,
> Where are they? Heaven is as earth, and as heaven to me
> Earth: for the shadows that sundered them here take flight;
> And nought is all, as am I, but a dream of thee.

In this poem with its difficult structure and its grave movement we have Swinburne living up to his great gift—the franchise of rhythmic utterance.

Browning let it be known that he was aware that God was in his heaven and that all was right with the world; Tennyson announced that 'twas better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; but Swinburne made no statement that upheld popular convictions (he upheld popular prejudices in politics, alas! and the poet of Italian freedom fell to calling for the destruction of the Boer republics, and the eulogist of Mazzini wrote a pitiful satire on Parnell). In Swinburne's world there were none of the superficial reconciliations that Browning and Tennyson found. Indeed there were no reconciliations at all—there were only agonizing consummations—loves tragic and loves perverse; martyrdoms; terrible heights of expression; the rest of the swimmer upon the heaving sea. This poet had no real sense of political liberty as Shelley had, or Byron, or Savage Landor. But why should we hold this against him, after all? His contribution to freedom was the sight he gave us of that wild thing—his own sea-mew spirit:

> On thine unbowed, bright, unsubmissive head.

I find that I have quoted a line out of his salutation to Marlowe in the poem, In the Bay. In that poem he joins Marlowe and Shelley and himself together. It is not a wholly unnatural trinity. But Swinburne can be spoken of with Marlowe more easily than he can be spoken of with Shelley, not merely because he and Marlowe have a gift of articulateness that often of itself makes the argument, but because both are initiators in English poetry. Future literary historians may tell us that the production of such lines as:

> They were purple of raiment and golden,
> Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
> Thy lovers, in haunts unbeholden,
> In marvellous chambers of thine.

marks an event that can be spoken of with the production of the speeches in Faustus and Tambourlaine.

Besides being an initiator Swinburne was a belated person—a troubadour strayed into nineteenth century English poetry. As a troubadour he wrote rondels and ballades, sestinas and double-sestinas, interlaced quatrains and verses that seem all rhymes and chimes. And Swinburne as troubadour may also have accomplished a revolution in English verse. The present movement towards free verse comes in part from the realization that rhymed forms were brought by him to their very bounds and that for poetry to progress a new start has to be made.

And now we have his Posthumous Poems* some of them written eleven, and some of them fifty-one

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years ago. One poem at least in the present collection—Memorial Verses on the death of Karl Blind—written in 1907, just two years before the poet's own death, is a heartening performance. It is fine as a piece of eloquence. And it shows that Swinburne had a genius for friendship, and that his addresses to Victor Hugo and Savage Landor and Mazzini were not merely declarations issued by him as Laureate of the Republic of Letters, but came out of a real, human feeling. The sentiment in the verses in memory of Karl Blind is genuine:

> Less high my praise may soar:
> But when it lives no more
> Silent and fervent in the secret heart
> That holds for all time fast
> The sense of time long past,
> No sense of life will then therein have part.
> No thought may speak, no words enshrine
> My thanks to him who gave Mazzini's hand to mine.

The early ode to Mazzini that goes with these memorial verses is stiff and immature, and the Memorial Ode on the death of Leconte De Lisle is no more than interesting. Two of the short poems, The White Maid's Wooing and In the Twilight, are worthy of being included in Swinburne's collected work.

The eleven border ballads written over fifty years ago and now printed for the first time give weight to the Posthumous Poems. These are border ballads to the last degree. No other writer of the "imitation" North country ballad ever got the language, the phrasing and the imagery so right—a border ballad, one realizes, has an anatomy of its own, and Swinburne understood the anatomy perfectly. But he does the ballad so well that his own imagination becomes anonymous in it. And the perfection of reconstruction raises a question. These compositions that seem so archaic and that we know to be reconstruction of the archaic—do they not belong to The Curiosities of Literature? Men who made less perfect reconstructions—Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne himself in Stand up, stand up thou Mary Janet—by bringing in something that the old Northumbrian minstrels were not conscious of, created variations that make their ballads worth keeping for their own distinctiveness. Perhaps it was a realization of this that prevented Swinburne from including these border ballads in any of his volumes—that, and not as Mr. Gosse conjectures, a disapproval of them by Morris and Rossetti because they did not possess "a pre-Raphaelite coloring or costume."

PADRAIC COLUM.

*Posthumous Poems, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

Autocracy Under Cover

IN days now so remote, before the war, the mayor of a large city appointed seven members of a school board. There was one Swede, one Bohemian, one Pole, one Norwegian, one Russian Jew, one Irishman and one "American." The mayor explained that it was necessary to recognize the various nationalities, and there was none to question. The distribution covered religious as well as national differences. There is a certain squeamishness, a certain provincial snobbishness which often poses as Americanism. As against this my sympathies are with the mayor of those former days. But, alas, one has to doubt whether the appointments were made because of any recognition of representative contributions to the rich diversity of a developing American life. The reasons had rather to do with recognition of men who could deliver votes en masse, or who would speak for groups in a block. The appointments were a reward for past services in keeping a group so isolated and fixated that it could easily be handled. They put a premium on further segregation and the maintenance of an obnoxious hyphenatedism. Such "recognition" is but a mask for the failure of American life to achieve a true recognition of the value brought by immigrant groups.

Let the incident stand as a symbol. I fear that at the back of the minds of many Americans there is a half-formed picture of aliens wilfully herding together for fear of becoming transformed into genuine Americans. The picture conceives of an open, inviting, hospitable America on one hand and of an obstinate devotion to alien habits and ideals on the other. Even when obstructions due to difficulties of language, economic limitations and exclusiveness on the part of native Americans are sympathetically sketched in, the final background is left out: the conspiracy of economic, denominational and political forces with personal ambition and love of prestige to keep the newcomers isolated and out of a real share in American life. The measure of their segregation into distinct blocks is likely to be the measure of the ease with which they can be converted to the uses of special interests and self-seekers.

This idea has been made poignantly concrete through a study with which I have been associated in the last few months of a large Polish settlement in the city of Philadelphia, consisting for the most part of hardworking, thrifty people, unusually prosperous at the present time because of steady employment and high wages. They are very patriotic; enthusiastic about the war, which they feel to be intimately their war. Because of President Wilson's pronouncement in behalf of a free

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and united Poland, to fight for the United States and to fight for Poland have fused in a single flame. In details, they have the ignorance of a peasant population to whom education was made difficult in their native land plus the burden placed upon them by a plunge en masse into a congested industrial centre. In vague generality, they have an eager and emotional knowledge of the glories of historic Poland and a vivid consciousness of the possibilities of its redemption. This is a story of how their ignorance and their knowledge have combined to make them the readier material for subjection to alien uses. At least, it is a typical chapter of that story.

A convention of Poles is to be held in Detroit in the last week of August. The convention is heralded as the visible sign of the united will of the four million Poles of America. Its conclusions will profess to voice authoritatively the desires of all patriotic Poles concerning the next steps to be taken in behalf of free, independent and united Poland.

This ostensibly representative organization of all the Poles and of Poland is called by a self-constituted circle of men centering in Chicago who for the time being are playing Providence to the destinies of nations. They come from the Polish National Alliance, the Roman Catholic Polish Alliance and some Polish-American (the hyphen is inevitable) politicians who keep the Polish vote almost solid for the Republican party in local and national politics. This self-formed and self-styled Executive Committee of the National Polish Department then appointed a Committee on the Convention, consisting in part of its own personnel and of others identified with the same interests. This committee assumed of course authority to determine the constitution of the convention and the selection of delegates. Roughly speaking, the method is as if the bosses of a political machine like Tammany should graciously decide that all of its own minor and local clubs should be allowed to select delegates to a thoroughly representative convention, the leading officers being thrown in as delegates ex officio. Moreover the committee has arrogated to itself the right to decide whether any given organization falls within the vaguely worded rules and whether therefore it is entitled to send delegates. Such local societies as may send delegates have their meetings called by parish priests; the meetings are generally held within the churches and are presided over by the parish priest if he so desires. These facts exclude automatically all inconvenient elements. There are also so-called territorial delegates, but their selection is controlled by rudimentary machine devices.

The committee was not content to determine the make-up of the convention. It also took upon itself the burden of managing the affairs of the delegates after they come together. The regulations for the conduct of the convention might arouse envy in the hearts of the most astute managers of a political steam roller. The phrase that recurs most often is "no discussion." With one exception, the general meetings are for hearing routine reports and for high oratory—Mr. Paderewski being, naturally, the fountain head. The actual business is conducted by seven sectional meetings. The topics for their consideration are thoughtfully prepared by clerks appointed several weeks in advance by the managing committee. The Chairman of the convention will appoint the chairmen, secretaries and nine members of every section. The last general meeting, which is the one that actually does business, cannot take up any measures not reported back to it from the sections, and there can be no discussion of even their decisions, except upon *written request of one-third of the delegates.* No chances are to be taken even with a packed convention.

Such is the technique of calling and operating a convention which, in the words of its inspired creators, will be the "greatest political and national event for all Poles in America, a visible external expression of the will of the entire immigration." As such its decisions will be represented to the American public through the American press.

The sources of the power so to impose itself are a lesson in the relation of the immigrant to this country. The glamour of a great name and personality, the ordinary ambitions for place and prominence plus the extraordinary opportunity due to working in a corner and under the cover of a press not read by Americans, the deliberate exploitation of a segregated group, work together. But after all the chief reinforcement comes from the too willing ignorance of those who claim the first right to the title of American.

To know more, to take the pains to be better informed, would involve overcoming the instinct which leads men to withdraw from the "foreigner." But it would also involve the inconvenience of assuming the responsibilities which knowledge and intercourse would bring. Ignorance compensated for by well intentioned effort at "Americanization" is the easier course. And this course is so uncomprehending of causes and so concerned with superficial symptoms that it evokes the sort of response of which the following is fairly typical: "After leaving us alone when we needed close contact with you, personal and human contact, a lot of you Americans are now trying to get us to speak a jargon which is neither good English nor good native tongue, and to adopt the use of chewing gum and other American customs." This whimsical ex-

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pression of the feeling that an attempt is made to impose external habits upon the immigrant instead of bringing about an association of equals and between equals is widespread. The situation of compartmental life that evokes it is the situation which too readily throws the more energetic and able of the immigrants into contact mainly with politicians and others who have something to gain. Thus are generated alliances which produce such phenomena as the operations of the "representative" Convention of American Poles.

Even in times of peace, and when matters concerning exclusively the domestic affairs of the Poles —if there are any such—were to be considered, the methods described put the problem of Americanization of immigrants in a light different from that in which it is ordinarily viewed, and a light I venture to think immensely more significant. For it concentrates attention upon the forces which work unceasingly to maintain segregated masses in a block amenable to ready exploitation by autocratic managers. Thus the oppressed nationalities of Europe have their literal counterparts here, and there is the same need for self-determination and unhindered access to materials—in this case, human materials.

In the typical case selected, namely, the convention, it is easy to see that genuine American interests are concerned. One of the occasions, if not aims, of calling the convention was a conflict of opinions concerning funds raised for Polish war relief, political propaganda, etc. The determination of the destination of funds is mainly in the hands of one set of men; raising the funds is in the hands of another set who have direct contact with the mass of the immigration. Leaving out of account as unedifying reciprocal insinuations and recriminations as between these two forces, there is here a conflict of interests which needs adjustment. The mere fact that this important financial matter concerns the war establishes the vested interest of America, for it makes a great difference whether these matters are so handled as to bring Americans and immigrants together or to continue and even increase separatism.

It is a moderate statement to say that in the case of the Poles so far as concerns raising and employing funds the opportunity for closer unification has not been taken adequate advantage of. It is not necessary to accept the view of one side in the controversy just referred to, namely that the cause is that an alleged interest in relief of war victims has been subordinated to interest in using funds for political ends, much less the numerous insinuations of graft. The facts speak for themselves. In spite of the devotion of American Poles to the war —over ten per cent of the killed in the American Army in France up to the present time are Poles—in spite of the awful suffering of Poles in Polish territory during the war, and in spite of the great generosity with which calls coming from Belgium, Serbia and other suffering countries have been heard, funds raised in this country for all Polish uses growing out of the war have been lamentably small—hardly one-tenth of what has been raised for Armenian relief, for example. It certainly is a matter of concern to all Americans interested in the most effective prosecution of the war, whether the convention merely makes a personal adjustment or compromise of financial interests, or whether it takes such action as will enlist the complete confidence of both Poles and Americans in the financial conduct of Polish affairs in this country and thereby reverse the poor record made in the past. While American money has gone for relief to Europe not with ulterior ends but because of misery and destitution, everybody knows what the effect of American generosity has been among the populations reached. This effect has not been produced in Poland up to the present time. It will not be produced, unless all the conditions which up to this time have kept down the response to appeals for money are resolutely and courageously swept aside, and Polish unity under American auspices achieved. Will the convention rise to this height? Unfortunately, the methods expressed in its formation give scant ground for optimism.

The same opportunity and the same query present themselves in reference to the political policies to be endorsed by the convention. These concern not fundamental objects but the methods of their attainment, which in this case as so many others, have such a direct bearing upon the attainment of objects. All Poles are agreed upon a free, independent and united Poland, with access to the sea. All, even radical socialists, are agreed in opposition to the Bolshevik regime in Russia. All, in this country anyway, are agreed that the United States is the natural and most effective guardian of the interests of Poland at the Peace Conference. With this unity of ends, it would seem an easy matter to attain practical unity. But historical causes have created among Poles partisan divisions which are unusually acute and numerous, these being complicated by the struggle of individuals to be the pivot upon which shall turn the achieving of Poland's new destiny. If you suppose the many-party system from right to left of any European country cut across by parties due to a partition among these powers, and influenced by the intrigues of those powers, you have a rough picture of Polish politics. With the hoped-for approaching advent of a new State, great are the stakes involved in advantage of position in controlling the formation of

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its government. It would hardly be truthful to say that Polish partisan and personal politics have been "adjourned."

Will the convention have the intelligence and the loyalty to act upon the fundamental points of unity? If so, it will come out strongly for an international commission, consisting of all the various party elements; for the closest possible contact with all parties who are truly loyal to Poland in Poland itself; and for the centering of the Polish question in Washington, where as all admit in private conversation is Poland's most powerful and disinterested friend. But if influences too strong in the past continue to operate, the mask of seeming authority to speak for all Poles will be taken advantage of to strengthen the power of faction, to glorify personalities, and to subordinate America's influence and authority to that of other countries—and thereby perhaps to jeopardize the future of Poland itself. So subtle and strong are the connections between the forces which separate and subject a particular group in America and the forces which determine the ultimate execution of American national policy.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Education of Joan and Peter

VIII

Looking at the World (*Continued*)

TWENTY years before Oswald would not have talked in this fashion of the Will. Twenty years before the social and political order of the world had seemed so stable to an English mind that the thought of a sustaining will was superfluous. Queen Victoria and the whole system had an air of immortal inertia. The scientific and economic teachings under which Oswald's ideas had been shaped recognized no need for wilfully co-ordinated efforts. The end of education, they indicated, was the Diffusion of Knowledge. Victorian thought in England took good motives for granted, seemed indeed disposed to regard almost any motive as equally good for the common weal. Herbert Spencer, that philosopher who could not read Kant, most typical of all English intelligences in those days, taught that if only there were no regulation, no common direction, if everyone were to pursue his own individual ends unrestrained, then by a sort of magic, chaos, freed from the interference of any collective direction, would produce order. His supreme gift to a generation of hasty profiteers was the discovery that the blind scuffle of fate could be called "Evolution," and so given an air of intention altogether superior to our poor struggles to make a decent order out of a greedy scramble. For some decades whatever sections of British life had ceased to leave things to Providence and not bother—not bother—were leaving them to Evolution—and still not bothering. . . .

It was because of Oswald's realization of the confused and distressed motives of Joan and Peter and under the suggestions of the more kinetic German philosophy that was slowly percolating into English thought, that his ideas were now changing their direction. Formerly he had thought of nations and empires as if they were things in themselves, loose shapes which had little or nothing to do with the individual lives they contained; now he began to realize that all human organizations, large and small alike, exist for an end; they are will forms; they present a purpose that claims the subordination of individual aims. The thought of nineteenth century England had been extravagantly individualistic. It treated the generations it educated as if they were to live in vacuo. It aimed at character without any attempt at correlation. But morality, right living, Oswald was now beginning to realize more and more acutely, is simply the subjection of one's own will to the greater purpose which comprehends one, and unless that greater purpose can stand the tests of sceptical examination, of ridicule and resentment, unless it embodies truth and is truth, comprehending and compelling by its innate unquestionable divinity, its hold must ultimately fail. It may clamp together a whole people for a time and some people always, but sooner or later great masses will question it destructively, will break through it and break away from it—towards some new purpose—or towards chaos.

The parallelism of Russia and Britain which Peter had made struck Oswald as singularly acute. They had a closer parallelism with each other than with France or Italy or the United States or Germany or any of the great political systems of the world. Russia was Britain on land. Britain was Russia in an island and upon all the seas of the globe. One had the dreamy lassitude of an endless land horizon, the other the hard-bitten practicality of the salt seas. One was deep-feeling, gross and massively illiterate, the other was pervaded by a cockney brightness. But each was trying to express and hold on to some general purpose by means of forms and symbols that were daily becoming more conspicuously inadequate. And each appeared to be moving inevitably towards failure and confusion.

One afternoon during their stay in Petrograd Bailey took Oswald and Peter to see a session of the Duma. They drove in a sledge down the Nevski Prospect and away through streets of ploughed-up and tumbled snow, through which struggled an interminable multitude of sledges bringing firewood into the city, to the old palace of the favorite Potemkin into which the Duma had in those days been thrust. The Duma was sitting in a big adapted conservatory, and the three visitors watched the proceedings from a little low gallery, from which the speakers were almost inaudible. Bailey pointed out the big proportion of priests in the centre and explained the various party groups; he himself was very sympathetic with the Cadets. They were, he said, very Anglo-maniac; they idealized the British constitution and thought of a limited monarchy—in the land of extremes. . . .

Oswald listened to Bailey's exposition, but the thing that most gripped his attention was the huge portrait of the Tsar that hung over the gathering. He could not keep his eyes off it. There the figure of the autocrat stood, with its sidelong, unintelligent visage, four times as large as life, dressed up in military guise and with its big cavalry boots right over the head of the president of the Duma. That portrait was an obvious insult, as outrageous a challenge to

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the self-respect of Russian men as a gross noise or a foul gesture would have been.

"You and all the empire exist for ME," said that foolish-faced portrait, with its busby a little on one side and its weak hand on its sword hilt. . . .

It was to that figure they asked young Russia to be loyal.

That dull-faced Tsar and the golden crosses of Moscow presented themselves as Russia to the young. A heavy-handed and very corrupt system of repression sustained their absurd pretensions. They had no sanction at all but that they existed—through the acquiescences of less intelligent generations. The aged, the prosperous, the indolent, the dishonest, the mean and the dull supported them in a vast tacit conspiracy. Beneath such symbols could a land under the sting of modern suggestions ever be anything but a will welter, a confusion of sentiments and instincts and wilfulness? Was it so wonderful that the world was given the terrible stories of Artsybashev as pictures of the will forms of the young?

Through all that journey Oswald was constantly comparing Peter with the young people he saw. On two occasions he and Peter went to the Moscow Art Theatre. Once they saw Hamlet in Russian and once Chekhov's Three Sisters; and each was produced with a completeness of ensemble, an excellence of mechanism and a dramatic vigor far beyond the range of any London theatre. Here in untidy, sprawling, slushy Moscow shone this diamond of cooperative effort and efficient organization. It set Oswald revising certain hasty generalizations about the Russian character. . . .

But far more interesting than the play to him was the audience. They were mostly young people, and some of them were very young people, students in uniform, bright-faced girls, clerks, young officers and soldiers, a sprinkling of intelligent-looking older people of the commercial and professional classes; each evening showed a similar gathering, a very full house, intensely critical and appreciative. It was rather like the sort of gathering one might see in the London Fabian Society, but there were scarcely any earnest spinsters and many more young men. The Art Theatre, like a magnet, had drawn its own together out of the vast barbaric medley of western and Asiatic, of peasant, merchant, priest, official and professional, that thronged the Moscow streets. And they seemed very delightful young people.

His one eye wandered from the brightly-lit stage to the rows and rows of faces in the great dim auditorium about him, rested on Peter, and then went back to these others. This then must be a sample of the Intelligentsia. These were the youth who figured in so large a proportion of recent Russian literature. How many bright, keen faces were there! What lay before them? . . .

A dark premonition crept into his mind of the tragedy of all this eager life, growing up in the clutch of a gigantic political system that now staggered to its end. . . .

This youth he saw here was wonderfully like the new generation that was now dancing its way into his house at Pelham Ford. . . .

It was curious to note how much more this big dim houseful of young Muscovites was like a British or an American audience than it was to a German gathering. Perhaps there were rather more dark types, perhaps more high cheekbones; it was hard to say. . . .

But all the other north temperate races it seemed to Oswald, as distinguished from the Germans, had the same suggestion about them of uncoordinated initiatives. Their minds moved freely in a great old system that had lost its hold upon them. But the German views were co-ordinated. They were tremendously coordinated. Two Sundays ago he and Peter had been watching the Sunday morning parade along Unter den Linden. They had gone to see the white-trousered guards kicking their legs out in the goose step outside the Guard House that stands opposite the Kaiser's Palace, they had walked along Unter den Linden to the Brandenburger Tor, and then, after inspecting that vainglorious trophy of piled cannon outside the Reichstag, turned down the Sieges Allee, and so came back to the Adlon by way of the Leipziger Platz. Peter had been alive to many things, but Oswald's attention had been concentrated almost exclusively on the youngsters they were passing, for the most part plump, pink-faced students in corps caps, very erect in their bearing and very tight in their clothes. They were an absolute distinct variety of young human male. A puerile militarism possessed them all. They exchanged salutations with the utmost punctilio. While England had been taking her children from the hands of God, and not so much making them as letting them develop by default into notes of interrogation, Germany without halt or hesitation had molded her gift of youth into soldiers.

There had been a moment like a thunderclap while Oswald and Peter had been near the Brandenburg Tor. A swift wave of expectation had swept through the crowd; there had been a galloping of mounted policemen, a hustling of traffic to the side of the road, a hasty lining up of spectators. Then with melodious tootlings and amidst gutteral plaudits, a big white automobile carrying a glitter of uniforms had gone by, driven at a headlong pace. "Der Kaiser!" Just for a moment the magnificence hung in the eye—and passed. What had they seen? Cloaks, helmets, hard visages, one distinctive pallid face, something melodramatic, something eager and in a great hurry, something that went by like the sound of a trumpet, a figure of vast enterprise in shining armor and a mailed fist. This was the symbol upon which these young Germans were being concentrated. This was the ideal that had gripped them. Something very modern and yet romantic, something stupendously resolute. Going whither? At any rate, going magnificently somewhere. That was the power of it. It *was* going somewhere. For good or bad, it was an infinitely more attractive lead than the cowardly and oppressive Tsardom that was failing to hold the refractory minds of these young Russians, or the current edition of the British imperial ideal, twangling its banjo and exhorting Peter and his generation to "tax the foreigner" as a worthy end and aim in life.

Oswald, with his eye on the dim preoccupied audience about him, recalled a talk that he and Peter had had with a young fellow-traveler in the train between Hanover and Berlin. It had been a very typical young German, glasses and all; and his clothes looked twice as hard as Peter's, and he sat up stiffly while Peter slouched on the seat. He evidently wanted to air his English, while Peter had not the remotest desire to air his German, and only betrayed a knowledge of German when it was necessary to explain some English phrase the German didn't quite grasp. The German wanted to know whether Oswald and Peter had been in Germany before, where they were going, what they thought of it, what they were going to think of Berlin.

Responding to counter questions, he said he had been twice to England. He thought England was a great country—"Yes—but not systematic. No!"

"You mean undisciplined?"

Yes, it was perhaps undisciplined he meant.

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Oswald said that as a foreigner he was most struck by the tremendous air of order in North Germany. The Germans were orderly by nature. The admission proved an attractive gambit.

The young German questioned Oswald's view that the Germans were naturally orderly. Hard necessity had made them so. They had had to discipline themselves, they been obliged to develop a Kultur—encircled by enemies. Now their Kultur was becoming a second nature. Every nation, he supposed, brought its present to mankind. Germany's was Order, System, the lesson of Obedience that would constantly make her more powerful. The Germans were perforce a thorough people. Thorough in all they did. Although they had come late into modern industrialism, they had already developed social and economic organization far beyond that of any other people. Nicht wahr? Their work was becoming necessary to the rest of mankind. In Russia, for example, in Turkey, in Italy, in South America, it was more and more the German who organized, developed, led. "Though we are fenced round," he said, "still—we break out."

There was something familiar and yet novel in all this to Oswald. It was like his first sensation upon reading Shakespeare in German. It was something very familiar—in an unfamiliar idiom. Then he recognized it. This was exactly his own Imperialism—Teutonized. The same assertion of an educational mission. . . .

"Everywhere we go," said the young German, "our superior science, our higher education, our better method, prevails. Even in your India—'"

He smiled and left that sentence unfinished.

"But your militarism, your sabre rule here at home; isn't that a little incompatible with this idea of Germany as a great civilizing influence permeating the world?"

"Not at all," said the young German, with the readiness of a word-perfect actor. "Behind our missionaries of order we must have ready the good German sword."

"But isn't the argument of force apt to be a little decivilizing?"

The young German did not think so. "When I was in England I said there are three things that these English do not properly understand to use; they are the map or index, the school, and—the sword. Those three things are the triangle of German life. . . ."

That hung most in Oswald's mind. He had gone on talking to the young German for a long time about the differences of the British and the German way. He had made Peter and the youngster compare their school and college work, and, what was far more striking, the difference in pressure between the two systems. "You press too hard," he said. "In Alsace you have pressed too hard—in Posen."

"Perhaps we sometimes press—I do not know," said the young German. "It is the strength of our determination. We are impatient. We are a young people." For a time Oswald had talked of the methods of Germany in the Cameroons and of Britain on the Gold Coast, where the Germans had been growing cacao by the plantation system, turning the natives into slaves, while the British, with an older experience and a longer view, had left the land in native hands and built up a happy and loyal free cultivation ten times as productive mile for mile as the German. It seemed to him to be one good instance of his general conception of Germany as the land of undue urgency. "Your Wissmann in East Africa was a great man—but everywhere else you drive too violently. You antagonize." North Germany everywhere, he said, had the same effect upon him of a country "going hard."

"Germany may be in too much of a hurry," he repeated.

"We came into world-politics late," said the young German, endorsing Oswald's idea from his own point of view. "We have much to overtake yet. . . ."

The Germans had come into world politics late. That was very true. They were naïve yet. They could still feed their natural egotism on the story of a world mission. The same enthusiasms that had taken Russia to the Pacific—and to Grand Ducal land speculation in Manchuria—and the English to the coolie slavery of the Rand, was taking these Germans now—whither? Oswald did not ask what route to disillusionment Germany might choose. But he believed that she would come to disillusionment. She was only a little later in phase than her neighbors; that was all. In the end they would see that that white-cloaked heroic figure in the automobile led them to futility as surely as the sidelong Tsar. Not that way must the nations go. . . .

Oswald saw no premonition of a world catastrophe in this German youngster's devotion to an ideal of militant aggression, nor in the whole broad spectacle of straining preparation across which he and Peter traveled that winter from Aix to Wirballen. He was, as it were, magically blind. He could stand on the Hanover platform and mark the largeness of the stations, the broad spreading tracks, the endless sidings, the tremendous transport preparations, that could have no significance in the world but military intention, and still have no more to say than that "These Germans give themselves elbow-room on their railways, Peter. I suppose land is cheaper." He could see nothing of the finger of fate pointing straight out of all this large tidy preparedness at Peter and their fellow-passengers and all the youth of the world. He thought imperialistic monarchy was an old dead thing in Russia and in Britain and in Germany alike.

In Berlin, indeed in every photographer's, was the touched-up visage of the Kaiser, looking heroic, and endless postcards of him and of his sons and of the Kaiserin and little imperial grandchildren and the like; they were as dull and dreary-looking as any royalties can be, and it was inconceivable to Oswald that such figures could really rule the imagination of a great people. He did not realize that all the tragedy in the world might lie behind the words of that young German, "we came into world-politics late," behind the fact that the German imperialist system was just a little less decayed, a little less humorous, a little less indolent and disillusioned than either of its great parallels to the east and west. He did not reflect that no system is harmless until its hands are taken off the levers of power. He could still believe that he lived in an immensely stable world, and that these vast forms of kingdom and empire, with their sham reverences and unmeaning ceremonies and obligations, their flags and militancy and their imaginative senility, threatened nothing beyond the negative evil of uninspired lives running to individual waste. That was the thing that concerned him. He saw no collective fate hanging over all these intent young faces in the Moscow Art Theatre, as over the strutting innocents of patriotic Berlin; he had as yet no intimation of the gigantic disaster that was now so close at hand, that was to torment and shatter the whole youth of the world, that was to harvest the hope and energy of these bright swathes of life. . . .

He glanced at Peter, intent upon the stage.

Peter lay open to every impulse. That was Oswald's supreme grievance then against tsars, kings and churches.

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They had not been good enough for Peter. That seemed grievance enough.

He did not imagine yet that they could murder the likes of Peter by the thousand, without a tremor.

He loved the fine lines of the boy's profile, he marked his delicate and healthy complexion. Peter was like some wonderful new instrument in perfect condition. And all these other youngsters too had something of the same clean fire. . . .

Was it all to be spent upon love-making and pleasure-seeking and play? Was this exquisite hope and desire presently to be thrown aside, rusted by base uses, bent or broken? "The generations running to waste—like rapids. . . ."

He still thought in that phrase. The Niagara of death so near to them all now to which these rapids were heading; still did not hear, did not suspect its nearness. . . .

And Joan—. From Peter his thoughts drifted to Joan. Joan apparently could find nothing better to do in life than dance. . . .

Suddenly Peter took a deep breath, sat back, and began to clap. The whole house broke out into a pelting storm of approval.

"Ripping!" said Peter. "Oh! ripping."

He turned his bright face to Oswald. "They do it so well," he said smiling. "I had forgotten it was in Russian. I seemed to understand every word."

Oswald turned his eye again to Hamlet in Gordon Craig's fantastic setting—which Moscow in her artistic profusion could produce when London was too poor to do so.

H. G. WELLS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Conrad is Not a Jew

A FRIEND of Mr. Conrad's has kindly communicated to us the following letter denying some assertions that appeared in this country not long ago:

. . . I imagine that ——— called me a Jew in his publication as a manner of insult and in the hope of causing me extreme annoyance.

But I don't feel annoyed in the least. Had I been an Israelite I would never have denied being a member of a race occupying such a unique place in the religious history of mankind. I send you this disclaimer simply in the interest of truth.

I imagine there is no scruple which would prevent ——— from calling me Mohammedan or a worshipper of Baal, for some reason of his own, or from the mere love of lying. Neither is there anything in him to prevent him calling me a forger, a burglar, a pickpocket or a card-sharp. This is a statement of fact which can be disproved as follows:

I am in possession of the following documents:

(1.) A passport in the name of Alexander II, Emperor of all the Russias, and signed by Prince Galitzin, Governor of the Province, granted in 1868 to my father, "the Nobleman Appolinary N. Korzeniowski, and his son, Conrad, aged ten years, to travel abroad for the benefit of his health for three years, etc., etc."

(2.) Copy of my parents' marriage certificate from the register of the Roman Catholic Consistorium of the government of Volhynia.

(3.) My baptismal certificate delivered in the usual way by the officiating priest and registered in the parish church.

(4.) The Act of Decease of my father (28 May, 1869, Cracow), delivered by the parish priest of that quarter of the town, minor canon of the cathedral, stating distinctly that the deceased died in the Roman Catholic religion and duly shriven according to the rites of the church.

(5.) An official advice from the Burgomaster certifying that I had been elected Burgess of the city of Cracow with the remission of the usual fees, "to honor the memory of his father as a Patriot and Man of Letters," and addressed to the Highborn Lady Teofila Bobrowska as the (maternal) grandmother and the natural guardian of the minor (1869) Conrad Korzeniowski.

(This last document established my descent on my mother's side.)

In sending these and other documents in 1864, when I became a British subject, my maternal uncle advised me that if I wanted to know something more about my descent I would find it in the archives of the Province of Podolia, relating mainly to the eighteenth century, but (he wrote to me at the same time) that he had had researches made already, which showed that during that century my paternal ancestors were men of substance and what may be called "prominent citizens" frequently elected to provincial offices of trust, and forming alliances in their own modest sphere after the usual several years' service in the armies of the republic. My paternal grandfather served in the Polish army from 1817 to 1820, when he sold his land in Podolia and came to live on his wife's estate in Volhynia. Their fortune, which descended to my father, his brother and his sister, was confiscated by the Russian government in consequence of the rebellion of 1863. Those are the origins and this is my history before my arrival in England. After that it is carried on documentarily by a series of my discharges (V. G. as to "character" and V. G. as to abilities) as seaman and officer in the British Merchant Service up to the year '94. From that time to the present day it is carried on by my written and published pages, eighteen volumes in all, which have obtained a certain amount of recognition. The police of the County of Kent have nothing against me—in fact, if anything, I am rather honorably known to them; even to the extent that one day when our car broke down on the road the son of our local superintendent of police came out to the rescue—five miles—in his own car, and was perfectly charming. But that may have been on account of my wife, who is a very popular person, and—I may also add—*not* a Jewess.

So if it pleases ——— to declare me an anarchist, a forger of bank notes or anything like that, I trust you will be good enough to affirm to everybody that it can be disproved on documentary evidence.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

London.

Because I Am a Jugoslav

SIR: May I not congratulate the New Republic for having recognized and so splendidly expounded the necessity of the complete liberation of all the Slavic races as the only means of securing a lasting peace and of checking permanently the German aggression? But we, the Slavs, have more reason to be satisfied when we see that the

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ideas we have been preaching since the beginning of this war have won not only the friends, but have made a headway among our enemies as well. Unfortunately the Magyars are among the bitterest of our foes, and, although their blindness was one of the main causes of this war and of its prolongation, we, the Slavs, could not fail to recognize the falsity of their position, and fervently we hope and pray that they may recognize it also. The article of Mr. E. Bagger in a recent issue of the New Republic is the first public utterance of a Magyar breathing the new spirit which is to prevail in the world after this war. At last a Magyar has openly recognized the justice of our aspirations and has thrown overboard the evil inheritance of "historic rights," and is able to read on our banners that we, the Slavs, are fighting for our and their liberty. We know that a single swallow does not mean the springtime, but let us hope that the springtime can't be far away, and that Mr. Bagger will soon be followed by many of his compatriots. For such an attitude the Magyars will never have reason to repent, as the Slavs have always been animated by the spirit which moves your contributor today. When we preach that Southeastern Europe is the main problem of the present world struggle, and that against German Central Europe the Allies must set up a living wall of free, independent national states, we desire and count on always seeing an independent Magyar state among them. I, for one, expressed the belief that when the turmoil of the war has passed away, and the passion which blinded them has subsided, the nations of Southeastern Europe must be ashamed of their present actions and firmly resolve that the ugly drama of our days will never recur. Placed near Germany, they can successfully resist her pressure and defend their own national freedom and existence only if they are united in one form or another. A prosperous, strong and independent Magyar state will be the natural and most desirable ally of Bohemia and Jugoslavia.

Only in alliance with the Jugoslavs can the Magyars, without sacrifice, attain and enjoy fully the goal which for a thousand years they were unable to reach. Then the shores of the Adriatic and the port of Salonica will be open to them. If all the Magyars should be animated with the spirit as expressed by Mr. Bagger, many territorial questions between them and the Slavs would be easily solved. The principles set forth by him of future readjustments among the races of Southeastern Europe I have been propagating since the war started, and must be among the first to accept them. But his particular proposition as to the Banat seems to me premature and impracticable. The Banat of Temesvar is a vast province of some 1,500,000 inhabitants. The Magyars there are a dwindling minority, the Serbs and the Rumanians having respective majority in the west and the east of that province. From where can the Magyars take so many people to settle down on the expropriated lands of the Serbs and the Rumanians? If they are to expatriate the Magyars of Transylvania, still would they have to remove vast Rumanian and Serbian population, beside that of Transylvania and the Banat. In all justice, it seems inevitable that the future Magyar state should be deprived of the Banat province and Transylvania also.

Then the Serbs of the Bacs-Bodzog—some 250,000—can be removed to the Banat. The compensation for it and the security for their independence and economic development the Magyars can find in a defensive and economic alliance with Bohemia and Jugoslavia.

It must be recognized that it required a great deal of civic courage to tell to his compatriots the salutary truths Mr. Bagger did, because we know how deep is the darkness there, and how strong are the prejudices of the Magyars. However, it is not enough to recognize just principles, but it is necessary to fight for them. The truth and the victory of the Allies are "on the march," and the Magyars here in America would do a great service to themselves and to the world if they should immediately organize and express themselves for complete independence and equality of all the races of Hungary. The attitude of the Magyars in this country may influence their people in Hungary and save the world many thousands of lives and billions of money.

The Slavs will be the first to recognize such a positive contribution to our common victory, and that will surely pave the way to a better understanding and a sooner reconciliation between the Slavs and the Magyars. Is it not also the best way to express gratitude to this great and noble country of America for all she has done in this war?

VLADISLAV R. SAVIC.

New York City.

Tell Us About the I. W. W.

SIR: In today's New York newspapers there appear editorials—long and trenchant—commenting on the conviction of the I. W. W.'s.

Judging from the tempered sureness of the editorials and the legal technicalities with which they are interspersed, it is obvious that the newspapers are in a position to say whether the verdict has been just. And yet, the people are not informed. In short, it would appear that the newspapers have complete data as to the developments of the trial in Chicago, while the American citizen has been denied this information through the only channels whereby he might expect to get it—the press.

I am neither for nor against the verdict—simply because I do not know how to interpret it. I have no way of determining whether the conviction of one hundred persons was just or not. And that is my complaint. I feel very keenly that it is my right, as a citizen of a republican democracy, to have information regarding the processes of justice.

This is far more than a question of a specific trial and its outcome. It strikes uncompromisingly at the very roots of the principles of government by the people in the interests of all of the people.

ARNOLD W. ROSENTHAL.

New York City.

In der Beschränkung Zeigt Sich erst der Meister

SIR: Without wishing to embarrass you or to imply that German literature is not equal or superior to the literature of other great nations, let me ask you to quote one line of German literature. You need not be surprised or embarrassed because you cannot recall anything to quote. If you want to learn how much the great poets and prose writers of cultured Germany have contributed to the intellectual enrichment of people of culture outside of Germany ask any company of cultured people to quote one line that is current and you will understand that Germany alone among the great nations has little claim to distinction—that is, literary distinction.

S. R. SMITH.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

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Books and Things

IT was so long since I had read a novel by Paul Bourget that I began Némésis, his new novel, almost without prejudice against it, and as for those few prejudices which survived and persisted, I made a decent effort to put them out of mind. For example, I tried to forget the people who "discovered" Bourget, about 1892, and who fell to talking about Cosmopolis as unwisely as they were to talk a little later about Max Nordau's Degeneration. I tried to forget their assumption, so innocently and revoltingly made, that a novel written by a man of great intelligence could not help being a great novel. Most of all I tried to forget certain longish pages in which M. Bourget described and described the carriages and rooms of the very, very, very rich, and from which the grave moralist and the long-winded psychologist did not quite succeed in crowding out the fascinated auctioneer.

But, inasmuch as trying to forget is one way, they say, of showing how well you remember, and since M. Bourget, almost at the outset of Némésis, applies himself to the task of reviving all those prejudices that had faded, I can't say that my attempt to read with an unmemoried mind amounted to much. My report of the novel is, no doubt, discolored by an expectation faintly hostile. I could not, for instance, help expecting M. Bourget to explain, elaborately and on too great a scale, such differences in moral judgments as needed almost no explanation.

Némésis is as thoroughgoing an illustration of this habit as any reader could wish not to see. M. Bourget's story is simple enough. Hugues Courtin, a French officer, young and eager and exceptionally keen on his profession, meets in Paris the Duchesse de Roannez, who is young and a widow and rich. She is independent in act and in thought. They fall in love. She becomes his mistress. The time approaches when he must leave for Africa, where he is to spend two years in the colonial infantry. She urges him not to go, asks him to leave the army, bids him choose between her and his career. As his career is also his religion, he decides to go.

Not long after his arrival in Africa Hugues gets a letter from Madame de Roannez, a letter three words long—"je suis enceinte." He hesitates, he decides not to return to France. He writes to her again and again without getting an answer. She never answers. For two years he knows nothing about her except what he reads in the newspapers. Back in Paris, when his two years are over, he discovers that she is living near Sienna, follows her thither, insists that she must tell him whether the baby was born, what has become of it, whether she ever had any reason for thinking she was going to have a baby. At last he learns the truth: abortion. Madame de Roannez is convinced that his failure to return from Africa gave her the right to keep their child from being born. Hugues is equally convinced that she committed a crime. They still love each other. What will her conduct and their profoundly and unalterably different judgments upon it do to their love?

That is the true subject of Némésis, in so far as it has a subject. Wasn't I justified in calling the story simple? But it is even simpler than that. M. Bourget never gives us the answer to the question he has raised. All we learn is how Hugues feels and what he says when first he learns that Madame de Roannez sought the help of an abortionist, and what she says in her defense. Immediately thereafter on the very evening when Hugues finds out the truth, a most convenient dwarf cuts the story short by murder. So convenient is the dwarf that I cannot help regarding M. Bourget as an accomplice in the crime, or at least as an accessory before the fact. Melodrama prevents, in what, despite all his precautions, is an arbitrary way, the psychological study he had decoyed us into expecting.

A few words would have been enough to account for the difference between Hugues's moral standpoint and that of his mistress. When I learn that he is a Roman Catholic, and a soldier who realizes France's need of children, and when I have read her explanation of her decision, I know all M. Bourget has made me wish to know about the causes of their difference. This knowledge is unfortunately much less than the amount of knowledge which M. Bourget imparts. It never occurred to me to wonder why Madame de Roannez fell in love with Hugues, a soldier, but M. Bourget tells me why. One reason, he suggests, may have been that her father, John L. Brigham, of Springfield, Massachusetts, fought in our Civil War. We learn more than we can use as readers about her pedigree. John L. Brigham, who was a maker of firearms, spent much time upon his yacht, and met his wife on one of his cruises in the North Sea. She was a Countess of Radkensburg, the daughter of a Suabian Jewess morganatically married to a Russian archduke. M. Bourget supplies this information before he has filled me with curiosity about Daisy, Duchesse de Roannez. And he is himself hampered by the information he has supplied. He seems constantly to be making a double effort; first, to imagine how a woman with all this dysgenic ancestry would be unlike other women in thought, in feeling, in speech; secondly, to explain her thoughts, feelings and words, especially when they are not a bit puzzling, by references to her American father, her hybrid mother, her Jewish and Suabian grandmother. All this explaining gets on one's nerves, disposes one to fear that something in Daisy's mode of lighting a cigarette will be attributed to her archducal grandfather. This particular blow does not fall, but one reads in dread of strokes as gratuitous.

Nor is that the only crow a patient reader has to pick with M. Bourget. At Valverde, her place near Sienna, he surrounds Daisy, Duchesse de Roannez, born Brigham, with cosmopolitan guests—an English lord and his American wife, a German painter and officer, a Russian anarchist, a French priest. The Frenchman is more priest than French, the anarchist more anarchist than Russian, but the others! Those incurably and inveterately national others! M. Bourget never tires of trying to make the most ordinary occasion a revelation of English, German and American character. And one extraordinary occasion. He insists upon national characteristics even when the business in hand is to save the contents of Valverde from fire.

Némésis, in short, is a novel in which the reader is told more than he can bear about the causes and origins of a situation understandable at a glance, and not enough about its results. Melodrama, banal and trite, cuts all those knots whose untying might have been worth while. Besides, M. Bourget has taken pains to write his book so that one is always wishing he had written a different book, a book upon another subject, which he suggests, which he more than suggests, which he leads us to hope for, in his first chapter. Of this book the hero would still be Hugues Courtin, but we should see him, not sitting in judgment upon abortion, but hurrying off to Italy to study the battle of Cannae. This would have been more interesting and newer than Némésis, which sounds like an attempt to modernize melodrama by references to Bergson, Nietzsche and Freud.

P. L.

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Jamesie

Jamesie, by Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

SOME day will come a critic who sees the effect of big lonely cities on the novel. The nostalgia of the boarding-house is by no means confined to men. Among the adventurers there are thousands of women who have left community to earn their living, and earn their living in the ache of their heart. But from the men, not from the women, have come most novels of social exile, novels of emotional distraint. The unnaturalness of city isolation is dyed into the grain of George Gissing. All sorts of young novelists exhibit it—Cannan, Beresford, Mackenzie, McFee. A kind of sick celibacy haunts and taints the memoir of their initiation into city life. The poverty that accompanies and sharpens loneliness is part of the experience, an experience that underlies most of the intense "realism" of first novels today.

The preoccupation of Jamesie is in complete and extraordinary contrast to this embittered, lone-handed, adventurous fiction. Here is accomplished fiction that is bathed in a sense of community and absorbed in the tournament of intimates. Imagine Mr. McFee lining up all his characters at the beginning of a story for a cricket-match between the girls and the men (men playing left-handed). Or imagine Gorki doing it. But Miss Sidgwick does it in Jamesie with the utmost appropriateness. She is not dealing with any one class or race. She has "three or four nations," she proudly intimates, "five or six classes, two sexes, and young and old." But the ball of life is being speeded from hand to hand—bowled, slogged, fielded, fumbled—with the game of life quite definitely and decidedly an interchange, the affair of a group. There are high and low adventures within the group, and positive and eternal divagations, but the essence of Jamesie is its group-consciousness, its sense of each for all and all for each, not by way of morals but by way of association, the group palpitating together like a cloud of bees, and feeling itself with a collective intensity altogether different from the intensity of the lonely city youth eating out his gutta-percha heart.

Nothing could be more audacious as an exemplification of a group than this novel, Jamesie. Miss Sidgwick assumes that her reader already knows Jamesie's parents. (As the publisher's obstetrical note so sweetly puts it, "The Jamesie of the title is Iveagh's seven-year-old son—thus the story dates some eight years or so after Hatchways—and he is as darling a child as you would expect a son of Bess and Iveagh to be.") The assumption of familiarity is made in building up the story by letters, the letters changing abruptly from person to person, calling on the reader either for previous knowledge of the particular vis-à-vis or else a gigantic attentiveness, somewhat like the attentiveness one is expected to give to a golf championship. There is a pattern. It emerges for the outsider eventually. But no one who is not patient to identify twenty or twenty-five correspondents is in the least likely to follow Jamesie to the end.

To the person who has never read Miss Sidgwick before there is something baffling about this procedure. The first half of Jamesie, to be frank, is a little like a banquet on baled hay. But as soon as a few data are accumulated from the letters, acutely detected, then the real savor of the group begins to be enjoyed. What before was the scrappy interchange of strangers—rather attractive strangers overheard from a neighboring seat on the parlor-car—becomes a progressive drama of character and incident, with flashes of peculiar beauty and intensity. How much the odd form of the narrative adds or subtracts is difficult to decide. Are walnuts better when you crack them yourself or when they are cracked for you? My own preference is not for the letters. The dexterity is amazing. Miss Sidgwick realizes each correspondent so completely that after a while the various figures behind the correspondence become full and rounded and mobile. But so many shifts of attention are necessitated that emotion, shy emotion, has little time to habituate itself to the scene. So many quick turns may readily be intelligible to Miss Sidgwick's graduate readers. Perhaps these experts will even find the nice differentiations of the letters a consummation of their previous enjoyments. But the reader who does not know those enjoyments must surely confess the tedium of a method that even, for a time, denies access to the bald preliminaries of the game. This is a weak objection, however, if the price of appreciating Jamesie's mosaic sharpness and vivacity is simply to go back to Hatchways.

A novelist less elliptic than Miss Sidgwick might use her form without taxing intention. It is a good deal of her quality that she is elliptic, tightening up the bonds between person and person and gathering nuances as she goes. That quality, however, is not strained or strident. Where the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden is so often merciless in her intimacies Miss Sidgwick is lambent. She is really deeply inclined to the group on whom she spends her art. To George Moore, I imagine, the Iveagh Suirs and Stephen Crawford and the Wickfords and Katie Rochester and the Pennants and du Frettay would also be interesting because (1) Joyce Pennant had passion, (2) Katie Rochester was seduced, (3) the Suirs were apart if not asunder, (4) du Frettay was Gallic and "realistic," (5) Stephen Crawford was a devil with the women. The Irish background, also, would have attracted Moore. In his early period it would have appeared with a loud patch on its breeches. In the later period it would have had a lake in it, with silver birches by the lake, while below the birches there would float in melancholy grandeur a last seigneurial swan. Jamesie, the star of Miss Sidgwick's creation, would not have risen for George Moore. No boy of seven ever existed for that boy of seven and sixty. And Sophie and Blaikie, the romance downstairs, would have been unmingled with the life upstairs. The Scotch nurse, even, would have been kept outside. But from material that is obviously common to all kinds of mentionable novelists Miss Sidgwick produces a singularly feminine result, the result of a solidarity, and a solidarity appreciated and cherished and conserved.

It is for this feminine accent that Jamesie is, or seems to me, mainly admirable. Miss Sidgwick penetrates the reader with her sense of the solidarity in which the Duke and the Duchess and Tim Geoghan and Oatmeal Biscuit, and the cricket-match and Pelham (valet) and Miss Kitchen, the typist, share. It is for the value of their characteristics in this enchantment of the group that the various participants come to be estimated, and Stephen's shabbiness and Joyce's tumescence and Jamesie's charm are all taken into account as social performances, with the register a very pointed letter from one quick copartner to the other. Iveagh's qualities seem to allure the author rather more than his older brother's prose version of worthiness, and a similar partisanship comes out in regard to du Fret-

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tay and Jamesie. But charm, the charm that flows deep and does not ripple to catch the eye, is beautifully felt in these human specimens, and Miss Sidgwick is only lingeringly fond of them because they represent the supreme excellence in her sphere.

That sphere does not include a denunciation of the enemy. The war comes into the world of Suir and du Frettay and Jamesie an uninvited beastlinesss, and its expulsion becomes a first condition of life. But there is no hatred in Miss Sidgwick, except a hatred of war. The catholicity that makes her a feminist, despite the allurements of decorum, also makes her something above a partisan. She gives everyone, including Jamesie, to the business in hand, but she still can walk with the stars. Her serenity is not cold. She is above everything a warm and kind creator, though too considerate to be headlong. But where many have lost themselves in the war Miss Sidgwick has intensified in general consciousness. She has taken no short perspective, no easy exclusions, though through the fortunes of war she visibly clings to this group with which she is inwoven.

The gayety of Jamesie is rather special, like the idiom of its letters, and the reader may chafe at the obstacles which its arrangement opposes to the ordinary novelistic stride. But Miss Sidgwick has a right to prescribe her own pace. She values personality, understands and penetrates it, and gives it the supreme significance, the ultimate social significance, to which it is entitled. Under other systems, perhaps, it would have more significance than she exacts, but the English system she makes lovable. If it were not so inflexible to the Bolsheviki, it might give its sweet accent to the entire world.

F. H.

More Mythology

The Mythology of All Races, Vol. XII: Egyptian, by W. Max Müller; Indo-Chinese, by Sir James George Scott. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $6.00.

IT is not quite clear why ancient Egypt and Indo-China should be linked in one volume; but the tribulations of an editor are many, and it would be ungracious to harp on a formal deficiency in the presence of so much substantial excellence. For Professor Max Müller's treatment of Egyptian mythology, which fills rather more than two-thirds of the book, makes it in many ways the most satisfactory volume in the series as available up-to-date. This is largely due to the broad scope of his essay. It is a commonplace of ethnology that no one phase of civilization can be studied or understood in isolation from the rest. While the intricacies of institutional life or æsthetic activity must not be reduced to the material conditions of existence, all these aspects of culture must be viewed jointly as fragments of the same whole. More particularly is it futile to limit one's gaze to a fraction of a fragment—to mythology without reference to the immediately adjoining departments of social life, such as art, literature, ceremonialism. By practically taking in the whole domain of religion the author succeeds in assigning to mythology in the narrower sense its appropriate place in Egyptian civilization.

One of the most striking features of Professor Müller's sketch is his detachment. Orientalists, sinologues, Egyptologists, classicists, are commonly prone to a somewhat sentimental aggrandizement of their subject-matter, such as is not altogether favorable to an accurate determination of relative values. From this inclination Professor Müller is singularly free. If anything, he leans towards the opposite extreme. The glow of enthusiasm that animates other Egyptologists is markedly absent from his pages. It is interesting, for example, to contrast his characterization of Amenhotep IV with Breasted's portrait in Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt. To Breasted the ancient ruler appears as a lonely, uncompromising idealist, a Wordsworthian poet reveling in nature, a bold innovator seeking for the first time in history to impose a monotheistic creed on a reluctant populace while tearing to shreds the time-honored stock of their traditional religious lore. Compared with this his Philadelphian colleague's picture is painted in sufficiently drab tints. "Amenhotep IV," we are told, "must not be overrated and compared with the great thinkers and reformers." To be sure, in discarding the crude notions of antiquity he displayed unusual independence of mind; but the primary occasion was a political squabble with the Theban priesthood and a fixed resolution that, come what might, the gods of *Thebes* must not be worshipped. Presumably the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. At all events—for the instance is typical—we may be sure that Müller's estimates are never tinged with extravagance of praise.

If the reader is nettled at such perfection of poise, it must be admitted that Egyptian thought is on the whole hardly of a type to excite modern enthusiasm. A bewildering farrago of fantastic imaginings strung together with no systematization but of the most external kind or by the indiscriminate solarization of every conceivable divine figure —such is the intellectually far from impressive aspect of Nilotic mythology, the result of that trend of mind which sought "to preserve all ancestral opinions as equally sacred without examining them too closely" (p. 173). It is strange indeed that the Egyptians, who attained so high a level in other ways, were content with this chaotic hodgepodge in their religious thinking, where so many lesser civilizations achieved a fair measure of rationalization. This primitiveness, rightly stressed by the author, appears in every nook and cranny of cult and belief—in the accentuation of formalism, in the intimate association of magical and religious concepts. Egyptian deities, like the mythic characters of the Algonkian Indians, rule by virtue of their magic or hidden wisdom—perhaps we might better say in modern ethnological parlance, by their *manitou* power. Even the greatest god becomes subject to the caprice of a lesser being when he has once divulged the secret name that forms the essence of his supremacy. Thus to know the esoteric name of everything becomes equivalent to controlling the destinies of the universe.

These are among the leading ideas which Professor Max Müller sets forth with admirable lucidity after disposing of the mythological conceptions proper, where it must be admitted he yields to the temptation of dealing with chaos chaotically, a pedagogical device which at any rate brings into relief the distinctive quality of Nilotic psychology. Popular misconceptions as to Egyptian ancestor worship are duly corrected: the dwellers of the Nile country did not so much pray *to* the dead as *for* the dead; and the funerary offerings were rendered less by way of conciliation than for satisfying the very material soul hunger of the departed. With characteristic sobriety the author expresses his verdict on the Babylonian problem: Egypt surely did not develop in splendid isolation any more than did China. However, the Babylonian influences have as certainly been much exaggerated by pan-Babylonian enthusiasts, and even where ideas were borrowed from Western Asia they were not slavishly adopted by mechanical reproduction. Indeed, in

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their basic astronomical notions the two peoples differed widely, and the insignificant rôle assumed by the moon in Egyptian religion forms an especially striking contrast.

From the general reader's point of view the earlier chapters of Professor Müller's work suffer from a fairly considerable embarrassment of detail. He is also probably over-optimistic as to the classical learning of his audience. Alas! in these days of unregenerate Philistinism even reviewers are nonplussed by such Hellenistic gems as "monolatristic" or "apotropaic" or "epagomanel." But these are venial defects in view of the exemplary clarity of his main expository chapters.

The essay on Indo-Chinese mythology by Sir James George Scott is likewise a commendable performance, though belonging distinctly to a lesser plane of scholarly achievement. The author represents the type of cultured colonial official whose relative rarity in our own public life remains a source of regret. Administrators of this category are wont to beguile the interims of executive work with intelligent researches into the fauna, flora, or ethnology of the region over which they preside; and not infrequently they are in a position to make definite scientific contributions of lasting value. There are natural limitations to the usefulness of such efforts, for when the official passes beyond the mere recording of his observations to the more delicate task of interpretation he is almost bound to fall victim to a certain naïveté that may seriously detract from the value of his work. He may cite as well-established scientific doctrines the discarded dogmas of another generation or psychologize with sublime disregard of current debate on the mental processes of the lower races.

Sir James, it must be admitted, sins far less than the majority. On the whole, his non-descriptive passages are few, and in them he usually contents himself with a harmless display of erudition as to comparable phenomena in different portions of the globe. An occasional slip like the one transplanting the Iroquois to Chicago (p. 256) may be reckoned a minor error. Certain sweeping statements of a more general nature, however, should not have passed the editorial censorship. Thus, the remark on the importance of the cult of the dead in primitive religion (p. 255), tempered though it is by a saving clause on the existence of other factors, may well prove misleading and is merely reminiscent of an earlier stage of anthropological speculation. Similarly, a passing comment on African fetiches (p. 340) tends to perpetuate the popular but now discredited view that maltreatment of the god is a necessary feature of fetichism. Thanks to the researches of Pechuel-Loesche and the investigators of the Tervueren Museum in Belgium our insight into this supposedly unique phenomenon of primitive religion has been vastly augmented, and fetichism is found to differ less fundamentally than was once assumed from other manifestations of the religious instinct.

The opening sentence of the author's preface suggests the peculiarities of his problem. Indo-Chinese mythology is not an autochthonous growth but has been borrowed wholesale and almost in its entirety from Indian. Buddhism, which languishes in the country of its origin, dominates nine-tenths of the population of Indo-China. To be sure, it is not the metaphysical Buddhism of its founder with its counsels of perfection, but a medley of the legendary and epical excrescences on his lofty philosophy, and among these we find an occasional sprinkling of aboriginal notions, animistic and demonological. Such mixtures, strange and disharmonious though they appear, are not lacking in a peculiar fascination for the student of civilization. A number of interesting and puzzling questions arise. Is it possible in every case to separate the elements entering into the quaint complex? To what extent have the ruder populations assimilated the lore of the higher? Have the conceptions remained as an alien stock of belief, or do they enter into the daily thought of the people, harmonized and integrated with older ideas? Investigations of this sort involve nice historical and psychological problems which rather definitely transcend the scope editorially traced for the present series. Sir James does not enter into them, but presents us with a choice selection of characteristic tales from Burma, Siam, and other sections of Farther India. He further illustrates the mythic concepts of the inhabitants as revealed in their ceremonial observances, and altogether succeeds admirably in his descriptive task. Since the ethnic and cultural affinities of the Indo-Chinese are so clearly with other Asiatics, it would have been better not to rend asunder what geography has united. But as most readers will have ready access to other volumes in the series the actual discomfort entailed bids fair to be negligible.

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Towards the Gulf

Towards the Gulf, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

IN the clever and modest preface of Towards the Gulf, addressed to William Marion Reedy, Edgar Lee Masters says, in describing the substance of his volume, that it is

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"a continuation of the attempts of Spoon River and The Great Valley to mirror the age and the country in which we live."

The most significant quality of the book for many readers will be, however, its success in recording the variety of the poet's mind, rather than its representational value as the poetic chronicle of a regional life.

The poems in the volume are of many kinds, so that it is hardly possible to give any composite impression of their sheaf of varia which is not too unified to be truthful. They are short-story poems and portrait sketches; poems of the beauty of a place, Grand River Marshes and The Lake-Boats; poems of prophecy, the sweeping paraphrase of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay with its intuition about the profound instinct of rhythm; poems of opinion, of literary criticism and democratic service; the buoyant and bright-colored appreciation of the richness, the greatness and executive force of Roosevelt's power:

> He cuts with one stroke of the sword
> The stubborn neck that keeps the Gulf
> And the Carribean
> From the luring Pacific.

Some of the poems have the genius, the deep idiosyncracy of an absorbed, poetic mood, as "When folly and wisdom are no more"; others the lighter talent of good talk. All of them have interesting ideas. One reads much of the book with that tonic, fatuous fiction-reading assumption of the human faculties portrayed that one acquires momentarily from the liberal-mindedness of Consuelo, or Crusoe's enterprise in building the stockade. Its most constant characteristic is indeed its realistic presentation of men and women. Perhaps one should say, rather, in referring to this volume, its realistic presentation of men. For the women of the poems are less capably identified as individuals than the men are. Conceived in a far more vicarious manner, as mistresses or wives or parents rather than as distinctive human beings, they seem to offer too unconscious a testimony on the author's part to the World's Worst Failure.

From Madame Bovary down, instances of the World's Worst Failure may be the subjects of fiction as distinguished as you please, but distinguished in proportion to the author's ability, if his intent be realistic—to create people of a firm reality. Most of Mr. Master's men have this reality. They are persons whose lives are more or less determined by their passions, their characters or minds or hearts. But his women are too often so many passions, without being expressed as persons or characters or hearts or minds. With the exception of Florence, the prostitute who decides to break away from the meanness of an exploitational life by going on a farm, and Sister Tousey, the Bishop's mistress who joins the Salvation Army, they are so deeply submerged in the element of their sex life that their lineaments are hardly discernible.

One finds again in Towards the Gulf, as in his other books, the poet's imaginative tale, his dynamic and original expression of the endless masquerade of desire, its Protean ability to deceive the whole race as to its own nature, and most deeply to deceive its possessor. With an especial subtlety this thousand-times-told tale is related in the end of Heaven is But the Hour, the story of a man and a woman, inevitably lovers, who met too late in life to realize their passion:

> The rocks in the river make light and sound
> And show that the waters sound and move;
> And what is time but an infinite whole
> Revealed by the breaks in thought, desire?
> To put it away is to know one's soul.
> Love is music unheard and fire
> Too rare for eyes; between hurt beats
> The heart detects it, sees how pure
> Its essence is, through heart defeats.
> You are the silence making sure
> The sound with which it has to cope
> My sorrow and as well my hope.

The poems have, however, too few passages such as this, which say the things that poetry alone can say; and too many passages that say the things that prose might have said better. The general substance of the book is individual; but numbers of its compositions are deficient in an individual poetic style. Their language is too often literal, and standardized by a certain tone-deafness.

Somebody said that the reason why Du Maurier's portrait painting was never as successful artistically as his pen and ink drawing was because he had never learned to think in color. Something of the same kind occurs with narrative like that of the verse of Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture and Excluded Middle. It is not conceived in the values of imagined sound; and seems a misinterpretation of prose short-story ideas:

> Marinda married a rich man
> And spent his money so fast he failed.
> She lashed him with a scorpion tongue
> And made him believe at last
> With her incessant reasonings
> That he was a fool and so had failed.
> In middle life he started over again,
> But became entangled in a law-suit.
> Because of these things he killed himself.

This way of writing, factual without being fused to life by a special inner light, seems too much that of a fashionable mode misapplied. It is an excellent mode for many free verse writers and Imagists whose aims have nothing to do with realistic fiction, and who are interested chiefly in technical ends "expressing a complex in an instant of time," etc. These artists can achieve their own aims much better by an exaltation of the merely literal value of written language and by ignoring most of its tonal faculties. They do not need any more than so many builders of mosaics the melodic draughtsmanship that makes the soul of the Queen's voice in Hamlet, in the few lines she utters, forever absolutely differentiated from Horatio's in his still briefer communications.

But Mr. Master's aims are all realistic and representational. In my view, what he adores the Imagists burn; what they burn he adores. A fortuity has confused his career with theirs.

"It was you," he says to William Marion Reedy, in the preface of this book, "who pressed upon my attention in June, 1909, the Greek Anthology. It was from contemplation of its epitaphs that my hand unconsciously strayed to . . . the first written and first printed sketches of the Spoon River Anthology."

A few years later the Imagists published verses whose manner and whose images also were modeled from those of the Greek Anthology. The difference between their

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The Colonel: Well, comrades, I win!

The Commander: Been fighting again, Colonel? Who says you're retired?

Colonel: I was retired, but now I'm in action again or soon will be and this time with the pen instead of the sword.

Captain: How's that?

Colonel: (*Drawing closer to the table and glancing around*) Well, comrades, I don't mind telling you in confidence that I just signed up with the Editor-in-Chief of a big magazine (name censored for the present) to write a series of articles on the Great War.

Commander: Tell us about it.

Colonel: Well, it's going to be a long campaign. The Editor, whom I have just left, wants an extended series of articles, to begin with an exhaustive survey of the *causes* which led up to the War.

Captain: The causes? All of them? Well, you've sure got your work laid out for you.

Commander: I should say you had.

Colonel: The Editor feels that way himself. He's now concerned chiefly about what has happened up-to-date and the authority upon which my statements will be based. The Editor's a big gun in the business, you know, and his rivals will be getting his range if he exposes himself. He wants to secure a strategic position so that he can't be successfully attacked on anything he prints.

Captain: Well, what did *you* suggest?

Colonel: I'll tell you. While he was talking I was thinking and I finally told him that what he wanted as a reserve-force was some late general reference work of recognized reliability that he could fall back on. "That's it," he said and then asked: "Which one?"

Commander: (*Turning his head and glancing at a set of The New International Encyclopaedia in its special case*) I'll bet I can tell which one you named.

Captain: (*Glancing at the set*) *Ours*, of course.

Colonel: You're both good guessers. Of course I named The New International and the Editor nodded his head and said "That's the very work I had in mind, not only as an authority on the causes of the War and what has already happened, but when peace comes I hear the publishers are to bring the war-volume down to date at once and are to send it to all subscribers in exchange for the war-volume now in their possession so they'll know the last word about the conflict."

Commander: Well, that settled it, I suppose.

Colonel: Yes, I told the Editor that the selection of The New International as our authority simplified the problem and he added that it not only simplified the articles but solidified them and made them so authoritative that he would be able to follow out with safety his plan to publish the series of articles in book form.

The inference from the foregoing is plain. If THE NEW INTERNATIONAL is selected by an army officer and by a prominent editor as an authority on the Great War (and many editors and officers own it) the value of the work to the public for general reference goes without saying.

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artistic aim and his is thus as wide as the difference between the purpose of the art of Wedgewood decoration and the purpose of the art of Rodin. But once thus classed with the Imagists, by a comprehensible but not inevitable transition Mr. Masters has too often strayed into other, more gregarious, later haunts of the New Poetry, into the thronged concourse of those lengthy narrative compositions printed as verse that we now see all about us, narrative compositions which lack not only all the craft of human characterization in metrical fiction, but all the craft of human characterization in prose fiction.

The right of free verse to be more prosy than prose has been established on the plank of a fallacious idea less firmly incorporated in the art of the New Poetry than in its monopolistic politics. This is the fallacious idea that all individual and all realistic expression in poetry is annulled by the presence of distinctive musical discernment, by the movement of rhyme with its keen heightening of the impulse of rhythm, by the word-shadows of assonance, by harmonics, overtones and the still beat of ordered time, subconsciously perceived but precise as the sense of the symphony leader's flying baton. To readers, to writers for whom the tonal quality of every language is an intrinsic value these faculties of poetry serve not at all as cramping oppressions, but as great liberations for the communication of truth. In these liberations the poet who wishes to mirror the country and the age in which he lives will find, I believe, his amplest and most lucid medium.

In view of Mr. Masters's clear and unassuming preface about his verse forms perhaps something should be said about a striking situation in current poetry. Planning to purge the contemporary verse of the world, however inhumanly, by the exercise of a mordant, exclusive art, the Imagists through an irony of fate have quite unintentionally performed in our land a vast, democratic office, hostile to art, but almost excessively humane. They have made the world safe for hordes of unpoetic persons too proud to write in the semblance of prose.

Mr. Masters is by no means one of these unpoetic persons. He is, on the contrary, a poet of genius whose style has sometimes conformed to newer dullnesses, less from pride, I gather, than a love of ease. After all, one can only guess for him or for anyone what tones, what voices will sing furthest out of our country towards the gulf in future, through the world of space and time. But these will be, of course, the tones and voices of those who know and say best their own truth. In that excellence this book has many beautiful successes.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT—A graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Author of French Perspectives. She has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

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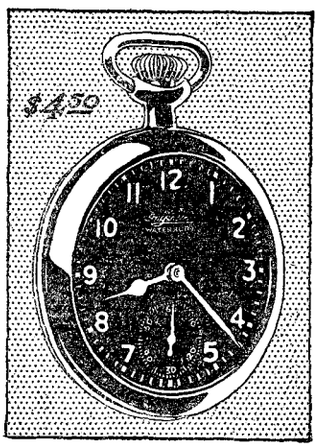

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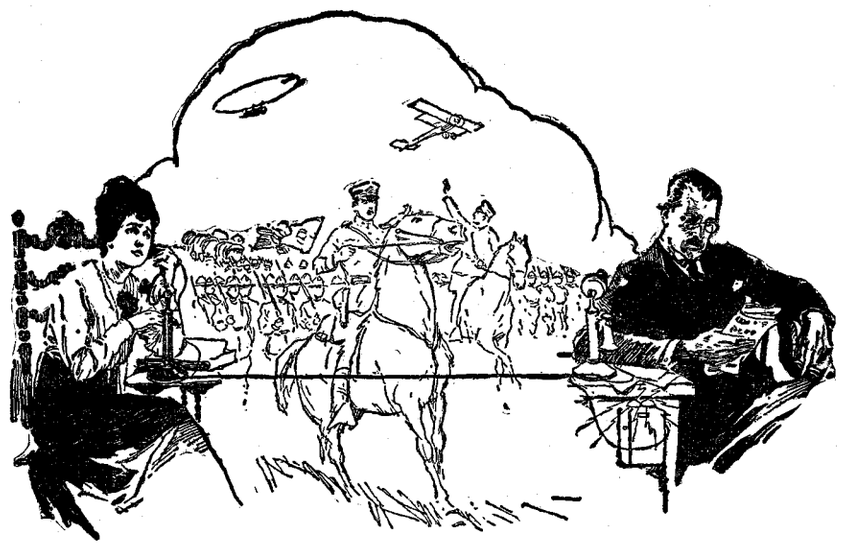

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